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The Carmel Pine Cone



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California

For the People of the Monterey Peninsula and Their
Friends Throughout the World

Year, \$2

Copy, 5c

**This Issue
Dedicated To**

**Don
Blanding**

Poet and Artist



A Tribute

By His

Neighbors

His

Townspeople

His

Friends

and His

Enemies

**1
9
3
7
●**

Few Are The Joys
That A Man Can Know
Like Watching The House
That Is HIS House Grow



(From Songs of the Seven Senses)

*The dream house grows from the very soil,
Stone and timber and honest toil,
Rising early and working late,
Hewing the beams and chipping the slate,
Sawing the lumber, sifting the sand,
Hammered thumbs and a blistered hand.*

Only the one who builds can tell

*Of the griefs and worries that come as well,
Shifting the windows, changing the walls,
Finding the wood for the floors and halls,
Picking the colors, matching the stains,
Choosing the glass for the window panes.*

*Work and worry . . . and heaps of fun
Until the day that the house is done.*

M. J. MURPHY, INC.

MONTE VERDE AT NINTH

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154 . . . Phones . . . 88

A VAGABOND ON THE LOOSE

By Ross C. Miller



places. Don took over Honolulu where I left off and managed to make something of the place which I had failed to do. Indelibly he has left his stamp of genius wherever he has tarried and now he is living in Carmel-by-the-Sea working on his volume for autumn publication, a book of verse with his own distinctive illustrations called "The Rest of the Road." The prefacing poem of this book is published elsewhere in this issue of The Pine Cone and another of his heretofore unpublished poems appears on the editorial page.

His "Pictures of Paradise" was written here in October of 1936. He finds Carmel-by-the-Sea a happy spot for creative work.

When Don Blanding arrived in the Hawaiian Islands he was not unfamiliar with adventure, or with the look and smell of strange countries. Since his fifteenth year, he had been a vagabond and wanderer. This he came by naturally; for centuries

his people were pioneers, moving first from France to England, then from England to New England, and then along the American frontier, until they finally settled under blue skies of the Southwest. His father, Judge Hugh Ross Blanding, had taken part in the opening of the Cherokee strip, later moving to the lively town of Lawton, Oklahoma, referred to at the time as the Lottery Town, because the land was given to the settlers through lottery.

There Don Blanding passed his adolescence. The story of his childhood is the story of this wild little frontier town, alive with color and excitement. The Comanche Indians, still in blankets and feathers, had their allotments on all sides, and the Apaches, under the famous Chief Geronimo, were prisoners at Fort Sill, four miles away. All the traditional movie trappings of the Wild West were there—prairie fires, cyclones, droughts, rattlesnake hunts, cattle roundups, honkeytonks, cowboys, bad men and sheriffs. The pages of Don's school books were covered with Indian sketches; the first money he ever earned came from drawing Indian heads on leather and selling them at Christmas time.

But the most disturbing factor in young Blanding's existence, as he remembers it, in this half-civilized prairie town, was the flight of wild

geese going south in autumn and north in the spring. They awoke something native to his blood. Watching them, he grew restless with the lure of horizons. Already, names that he casually remembered from his school geography, or more often from the talk of older people, were weaving a spell about him. Years later, in "Vagabond's House", he was to write:

Names! The lure in names of places
Stirring thoughts of foreign faces,
Ports and palaces and steamers.
Names are ships to carry dreamers.

Pago-Pago, Suva, Java.
Languor, lotuses and lava,
Everything a dreamer wishes,
Buried treasure, flying fishes,
Cocoanuts and kings and corals,
Pirates, pearls and pagan morals,
Rum and reefs and Christian teaching.

Gin, and jungle parrots screeching.

One spring with a few dollars saved up, he followed the wild geese north, wandering about the Yellowstone for the summer, and then moving on to the Art Institute in Chicago, where he was to remain, more or less intermittently, for several years. Among the new acquaintances he made were Floyd Dell, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, and Maxwell



Bodenheim who were just beginning their climb toward fame. They gathered often in an old house occupied by Sherwood Anderson. Don Blanding took a room there and joined the group, fascinated by their conversation and their plans for the future. On one occasion he painted a stage set for an early Ben Hecht play. For several years he lived a Bohemian life, with interludes of roaming through the west and the northwest, working in hayfields, teaching drawing, and acting in little theater companies. In order to study the technique of the greatest actors at first hand, he worked as an usher in the large metropolitan theaters and even supered in grand opera. After a jaunt through Canada he found himself in Kansas City and between trains went to see a performance of "The Bird of Paradise" starring Lenore Ulrich in the role of Luana. It was this that inspired Don to embark for the Hawaiian Islands.

What Hawaii meant to Don Blanding is told in his own way in that most pagan and honest of travel books, "Hula Moons." The enchantment of tropic days and nights, the boom of distant surf on black lava sands, palm trees swaying in fragrant sea breezes, liquid sunshine drenching woven grass roofs of native villages, heavy perfumes of night-blooming flowers, the wanton, beautiful, swift curves of native girls dancing the hula by the light of flaming torches—in these and a thousand other



beautiful, exotic pictures he has snared the fleeting essence of romantic and colorful Hawaii.

Particularly the native life in the Islands appealed to him. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Ching-Chong, the Candlemaker, of Aunty Pinau and the Walrus, and of all that refreshingly human group of natives who have since peopled his stories and books. With them he lived, not as a malihini, or white visitor, but as one of them, a kamaaina, reveling in their native food, a welcome witness at their ceremonies, initiated into strange rites by tribal wise men, whom he followed into dim, secret, submarine coral caves, as he relates in a breathless chapter of "Hula Moons." He ate devil-fish at their luaus, explored the old dead crater of Haleakala, and the live crater of Kilauea, listened to their legends by moonlight on far-away beaches, receiving finally the unusual distinction of a Hawaiian name, Alohi Lani, which means that light which one sees shining down from behind intervening clouds onto the water and earth below. "You, too," they told him, "will show the people the beauties of our land, although they cannot see it except through you. You will be Alohi Lani of Hawaii."

One day in 1928 Don Blanding walked into an advertising office to display some drawings. He had never had an idea of writing, being wrapped up in his art work. George Neilen, the creator of Musha Shiya, the shirt-maker, told him the agency needed an advertising copy writer. Blanding jumped at the chance with

(Continued on page 4)

The Whole World Represented Under One Roof

"Every name a ship with cargo

Brass from Burmah, wheat from Fargo

Pots and prunes and precious metal

Mined on Popocatepetl

Chests of carved and stained catalpa

Letters from Tegucigalpa."

It's true! Products from over the entire world may be found at HOLMAN'S . . . conveniently arranged in 46 depts. and under one roof. Visit us!

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Realtor

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THE CARMEL PINE CONE
Box G-1, Carmel, California.

A VAGABOND ON THE LOOSE.....By Ross C. Miller

(Continued from page 3)

dubious thoughts of his ability to deliver the goods. Previously he had worked at cartooning for the Honolulu Advertiser, had managed an amateur theater and between times painted fences one week and portraits of society dowagers the next. In his new job he wrote endorsements for Japanese soup and chowder condiments. Daily, for the next two years, he supplied a poem for the Star-Bulletin, using local people and events as subject matter—anything, provided he could work in a reference to soup powder.

These poems were so well received that Riley Allen, managing editor of the paper, advised Don to collect his poems into a booklet. This he did and called the volume "Leaves From a Grass House." It was offered to a local publisher who turned it down on the belief it would not sell. Blanding then published the book himself.

Two thousand copies were sold almost overnight and the Patten Company, Ltd., of Honolulu, took over the publication. The following year "Paradise Loot" appeared, followed by "Flowers of the Rainbow," each repeating the success of the first.

Finally Don Blanding compiled the best of all these poems, along with some new material, and a score or more of his pen and ink sketches into a volume which he called "Vagabond's House." Dodd, Mead, and Company of New York, saw its possibilities and brought it out in both cloth and leather. Frederick J. O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," came across a copy in a Carmel bookshop, and wrote Don Blanding that "Yours are the first authentic poems I've seen of the tropics." Critics found the book invigorating, with something of the rhythm of Robert Service and the masculine strength of Rudyard Kipling.

In four years, the demand exhausted 12 large printings. During

that time, Baby Street, Names of Ships, and the title poem, Vagabond's House, have probably appeared more often in newspapers and on the air than any other poems of as recent birth.

In 1929, with the royalties which poured in from "Vagabond's House", Don Blanding sailed for New York where, in a side street, almost under the shadow of the famed Empire State building, he established his Vagabond's House Studio, filled with



the loot of the Seven Seas. Here he spent the winter, painting screens and exotic wall panels which depicted Hawaiian birds and flowers and fantastic fishes; writing, in the meanwhile, stories and verse which appeared in a score of national magazines, deftly illustrated by his own pen and ink drawings. It was not long, however, before a nationally-known agency discovered him and induced him to go on the lecture platform, reading his poems and recounting the experiences of his varied wanderings with marked success.

In the fall of 1931, his second volume of verse appeared, "Songs of the Seven Senses," including "Farewell to Vagabond's House," where he finds the ordinary five senses are insufficient to express his joy of living and adds a sixth sense, the awareness of gods, and a seventh, nonsense.

The spring of 1932 found him in New Mexico, where he discovered, far from the automobile and railroad routes, an American life as different and unknown as that in any foreign country. The painted deserts, the cliff dwellers' ruins, the great moun-

tains, mesas, and canyons, the historical past which still holds its grip on these hidden places which he visited—all fired his imagination. In Taos, he set up his dwelling in an adobe house, which he called La Casa del Vagabundo, and from which he explored the countryside.

In 1933, he published his third volume of verse, "Let us Dream," with illustrations from his own pen. This time he leads the reader into a stranger vagabondage than ever before—a new land of the emotions, of dreams in blue, green, red, jade, lapis and amber. There are alluring titles: Blood on Orchids, The Restless Ones, Matu Va, Dark Thorn Flower, poems of exotic beauty, joyous wanderlust and utter nonsense.

Another volume of verse appeared in the fall of 1935 under the title of "Memory Room," wherein he gives the key to the door of that sanctum where he keeps the "worthless treasure and the priceless trash," which is the loot of years of wandering. Sounds and scents from the Orient, leis of flowers from the tropics, sketches from gay student days in Europe, glimmers of northern lights in Canada and Nova Scotia, tumbleweeds and arrow heads from younger days on the prairies—these are the precious harvest of the years, transmuted into color and rhythm through the alembic of the poet's genius. Like his previous books, "Memory Room" is filled with drawings by the author—full pages, decorations, head and tail pieces, all of them expressive of the mood of his poetry.

Don Blanding has not forgotten his own youthful desires and has also written a book for junior readers—"Stowaways in Paradise," a story of two boy adventures in Hawaii. It has become a favorite of boys and girls alike—from eight to eighty. Drawings from the author's pen illustrate the volume.

At present Don is finding Carmel his haven of work and rest, dividing

his time between the southwest and Hollywood, where he is in constant demand as the unseen interpreter in travel pictures of faraway lands. His voice is also carried far and wide on the great radio chains where his poems, as he reads them, have opened new worlds of color and sound to thousands of delighted listeners.

Although we in Carmel hope that "The Rest of the Road" does not detour far from our magic shores, we do not wish to cloud his vision of far horizons to which most of us longingly gaze. Don's next urge is toward Norway, but he admits he may just as likely start for Tegucigalga, Zamboanga or Zanzibar. He guides his life almost entirely by chance. A ship putting out for Java, a motor caravan setting out for Central America, or his own feet leading westward, are equally available

invitations and vehicles for vagabondage, and so we quote from one of his poems:

"We know not what strange port shall be our last,
Nor care. Today we feast, tomorrow fast.
The treasure found is less to us than treasure sought,
And we most dearly treasure trifles dearly bought,
While all those tender things, love, friendship, home
That haunt the dreams of us who drift and roam
We trade for worthless star-dust which we vainly seek
In nameless valleys lost behind some mist-enshrouded peak."

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Ernest F. Morehouse

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We fly to the ends of the earth,
We hear a king in his palace speak
Or share in Vienna's mirth.

We hear the moan of a steel guitar
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With the turn of a dial the world is brought
Into your room to you.

"White Magic", written by Don Blanding after he had returned from a radio voyage 'round the world with his new GENERAL ELECTRIC recently purchased for Vagabond's House.

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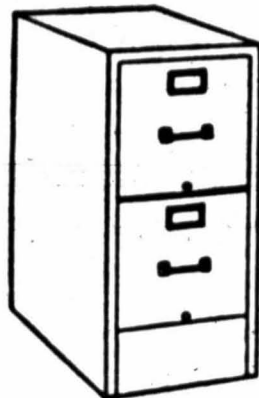
Ten little pennies all in a row.
Just how far will ten cents go?
You can buy a ring, a book, a box,
You can buy a pair of sturdy sox,
You can buy fine silk or wool or cotton
And lots of things that you've forgotten.
Ten little pennies all in a row,
You wouldn't believe how far they'll go.

CARMEL FIVE CENTS TO ONE DOLLAR STORE

CARMEL

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kody of San Francisco spent their honeymoon in Carmel. She is the former Olga Duff, a frequent visitor here.

Mrs. John Cocke and Miss Nancy Cocke have returned from a month's trip east, visiting relatives in Cincinnati and friends in Chicago.



The Vagabond Author Says . . .

If I had to write long-hand there wouldn't be any books with my name on 'em, which might be a good thing, but not for me. . . I can THINK directly to the typewriter.

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And one of those names is Del Monte
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To merit the one word "Divine"*

... DON BLANDING.

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DEL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

CARL STANLEY, Manager

Don Blanding's Works Will Be Continued In The Carmel Pine Cone

Admirers of Don Blanding, his poetry and his drawings, will be pleased to learn that much of his future work, both published and unpublished, will appear in subsequent issues of The Carmel Pine Cone. The paper will be sent to any address in the United States for \$2 a year.

This Edition Fully Protected By Copyright.

Col. J. S. Parker Passes Away Here

Colonel James Southard Parker, a resident of Carmel for the past seven years, died at his home on Scenic Drive last Saturday. A graduate of the Army School of the Line, he had served in the United States Army for 29 years before retiring in 1920, coming to California soon afterwards.

A native of Washington, D. C., Col. Parker was born on Jan. 3, 1874. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Happy Joyce Parker, a son, Richard C. Parker, and a daughter, Jane Ellen Parker. The body of the retired army officer was removed to Washington for interment in Arlington National cemetery. T. A. Dorney was in charge of arrangements.

Bardarson Attends Meeting In Oakland

Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset school, attended a meeting at Hotel Oakland last week-end, at the call of Miss Helen Heffernan of the state department of education. This was a session of a committee to revise the course of study for the seventh and eighth grades in California, following similar revision of the primary and intermediate grades. Result of its work will be a curriculum guide, and a statement of the philosophy underlying approach to the education of boys and girls of this age. The object is to deal as much as possible with the child's present environment, and to emphasize social understanding.

Four Arrests Made During Past Week

Only four arrests were made by the police department during the last week, and as usual, they were for minor infractions of traffic laws. All arrests were made over the week-end, the unfortunates netted by the law being W. A. Austin, J. Barnes and A. Ford. One tramp was escorted out of town Saturday to the tune of a short lecture telling why Carmel did not want him as a visitor.

Carmel Tennis Players Defeat Pacific Grove

The Monterey high school tennis team, consisting of eight boys, seven of whom are Carmelites, played and defeated Pacific Grove Saturday, Feb. 27. The boys who played single are Thomas Gee, Spencer Kern, George Wishart, Ted Yates, Ted Marble, John Clague, Houston Hannon and Warren Johnston. The doubles were Spencer Kern and Ted Marble; Ted Yates and John Clague. Every match was won by the Monterey team.

ART
MATERIAL

PICTURE
FRAMING

L. S. Slevin

Paid Firemen Assured

Councilmen Disagree As To Duties

CARMEL fire department, on a volunteer basis for the last quarter of a century, is to have two paid men, one for day duty, one for night, when the new fire house is completed. They will be skilled engine drivers and will receive fire alarms. This much was decided at the council meeting Wednesday night, but left unsettled was the question whether the new city employees will be hybrid police-firemen or just firemen; also, the amount of their pay. Commissioner Burge declared that he will not vote for the new setup unless the paid firemen will also act as desk sergeants for the police department. Fire Commissioner Rowntree responded that he is "not in favor" of this idea, because the firemen would be in the anomalous position of being responsible to two bosses, the police chief and the fire chief. And there the matter rested.

Fire Chief Robert Leidig is also known to be averse to sharing the fire department, employees with the police department, and the volunteer firemen themselves, who have a strong esprit du corps, feel strongly enough to make an issue of it.

L. H. Gibson, district engineer of the state highway department, wrote the council that Carmel's share of state gasoline tax money will be \$3740 this year, \$3880 next year, and asked how the money will be spent. Street Superintendent Askew said this year's money should go to mend broken shoulders of the truck road from Fourth and San Carlos to Carpenter. The year following the council hopes to have south Junipero open as an arterial, may use the state funds for surfacing it.

City Attorney Argyll Campbell reported on details of the transfer of the Forest Theater from Arts and Crafts club to the city; the council voted to ask the county not to collect

the second installment of county taxes, about \$50, and the deed can now be formally accepted by the council. Five lots in block 12, being given to the city by Forest Hill school in lieu of delinquent taxes, are restricted by a deed clause for school use only. Mr. Campbell found, and it will be necessary to secure a quitclaim from the Monterey Title and Abstract Company, former owners, before title can be cleared.

Mrs. Thad Sigourney wrote the council protesting the trimming of cypresses on her street, San Antonio, but requesting that the cypresses be trimmed on scenic so that she can see the ocean. Melle T. Brewer, Mildred S. Wright and Anna Condit requested by letter city improvement of a lane across private property which they use to reach their homes on North Lincoln. It appeared doubtful whether this could be done, and the 20-foot culvert requested would have to be built at the expense of the householders. Such a culvert, according to Bill Askew, would add to the current drainage problem by diverting water to private property.

F. A. Wermuth, Mary A. Gould and Carl Harris jointly requested that the grade be established on Sixth between Mission and San Carlos, presumably with a view to street improvement.

Directors for Business Association Announced

The board of directors of Carmel Business Association, newly appointed by the president, Shelburn Robinson, met at his office Wednesday evening to discuss plans for the coming year. The board includes Harold Nielsen, past president, Mrs. Florence Leidig, Kenneth Wood, H. C. Overin and Malcolm Macbeth.

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—BROUGHT DAILY FROM OUR MARINA RANCH—

Cites Public Ignorance

Dr. W. Thurston Brown Speaks on Constitution

By HARRY HEDGER

THE national wrangle over reorganization of our federal judiciary is, at the moment, the main subject of countrywide conversation. Headline and loud-speaker blare the ideas and contentions of opposing factions. We, the people, ignore it, shake our heads in bewilderment, or sagely pronounce our personal decisions with an air of profound finality.

Under no circumstances does anyone ask the question, "Just what DO I know about the Constitution?" Do you know the history of its framing? Its alterations and interpretations? Its amendments—their causes and effects? Are you really cognizant of the true relation and authority of the Supreme Court?

History has been taught for many years in our grand system of public schools. Schools whose ideal has been the development of intelligent citi-

zens. Yet in all this time there has been but one textbook—think of it—that gives a detailed account of the framing of the Constitution and its subsequent history in practical detail. The book is West's "History of America" and it is not very widely used. But it tells who gave us said document, what kind of people they were, and their methodology. Also it shows us the somewhat startling fact that through the years the status of the constitution and the position of the Supreme Court bear vague resemblance to that "which our fathers set forth upon this continent." Our country has evolved considerably, and so have a lot of other things.

In this manner spoke Dr. William Thurston Brown to an interested gathering at the home of Mrs. Vera Peck Millis Tuesday evening. Dr. Brown, now retired, was professor of history for 12 years at San Mateo Junior College. A Yale graduate, and educator of long standing, he has good reason to know his subject. Among his many disclosures was the fact that the Supreme Court started simply as an unauthoritative center of opinion and without functional power. Its actual rise in later years was the result of factional attempts to gain extraneous political control. Also, from the standpoint of political education it is interesting to note that the average junior college student does not clearly know the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

Visiting Mrs. F. A. Greatwood is her son, H. R. Greatwood of Singapore, who is connected with an oil company having interests in the far east.

Betty Stuhr to be Bride Tomorrow

Miss Betty Stuhr, daughter of Mrs. Marie Stuhr, will be married to Forrest Barton Williams at Carmel Mission tomorrow afternoon with Father Michael D. O'Connell performing the ceremony. Only relatives will attend. The young couple will reside in a cottage on Monte Verde. Miss Stuhr has resided in Carmel since she was a little girl, except for periods when she was in school in the east and at Dominican Convent in San Rafael. She is at present employed in the office of Barnet Segal, realtor, and plans to continue in this position after her marriage. Mr. Williams, a musician and student of voice, came to Carmel about two months ago from San Francisco. He grew up in Oregon, and resided there until coming to California.

Teaching Staff To Give Program

Members of the Sunset school teaching staff will again present the program at the monthly meeting of Sunset P-T. A., in the school library next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. R. J. Gale and Mrs. Frances Farley have arranged the program in the form of a demonstration lesson in the social studies, which loom large in the curriculum of progressive schools. Mr. Gale has described his portion of the performance as an effort to show "the experiences which a modern school seeks to give to the child, so that he may develop into a mature human being, able to take his place in the complex contemporary scene."

Mrs. Farley's demonstration-lesson in the social studies will consist of a panel discussion on the Congo and Sudan regions of Africa. He will give a brief summation of the work leading up to the lesson to be presented. Pupils of the school will assist with the two demonstration projects. Tea will be served following the program.

Many States Get Special Edition

This Don Blanding edition of The Carmel Pine Cone is reaching readers in several foreign countries, and in more than 30 states and territories of this country. For the past three weeks special orders have been pouring in from hamlets, towns and cities, from Don Blanding fans, many of whom know of Carmel not at all or only vaguely, but are interested in anything concerning their favorite poet and his environment. They were still coming when, early this week, we burrowed into the heap of interesting letters and compiled the following incomplete list of states from which orders had thus far been received: California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Montana, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Florida, New York, Kansas, Washington, Utah, New Mexico, Texas, Iowa, Oregon, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maine, Ohio, Illinois, Hawaii, Arizona, District of Columbia, Alaska, New Jersey, Indiana, Rhode Island, Mississippi, West Virginia, Nevada, Missouri and Massachusetts.

Lecture Tuesday Night at Sunset

Under the auspices of the Monterey high school adult education department, D. C. Anderson will lecture next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at Sunset auditorium, on the ancient civilizations of Mexico, Central and South America. This is one of the Carmel Forum series, and there is no admission charge.

The pictures and information presented by Mr. Anderson bear the stamp of authentic archaeological research, and have been endorsed by the heads of expeditions and college departments of archaeology.

Reviews "Yang and Yin"

Alice Tisdale Hobart's New Novel

A BOOK which has personal significance to her, because it deals with a locale and situations very familiar to her, was reviewed by Mrs. Lawrence M. Knox for the Woman's club book section Wednesday morning at Pine Inn. The book is Alice Tisdale Hobart's "Yang and Yin". In this story and her previous "Oil for the Lamps of China" the author has done for the foreigner living in the Orient what Pearl Buck has done in her books for the Chinese themselves.

Yang and Yin are symbols seen everywhere in China, signifying the dynamic balance between the creative and receptive principles, the eternal opposites mutually interpenetrating; good and evil, light and darkness, male and female. It describes the struggle of a young American doctor between his own idealism and the fatalism of China; the struggle of his ambition to achieve more than just the alleviation of pain; of inertia at home against his sense of the great needs of his little medical-missionary station.

"After 100 years of mission endeavor in China," said Mrs. Knox, "there has emerged very little literature on the subject. This is the book that fills the gap. It is written as a popular story, but it is also a historical record. Because it deals with the past, the period about the turn of

the century, it will be as good a record 25 years from now as it is today. Books written about the contemporary scene may not be so lasting."

So far as a true interpretation and an accurate marshalling of facts are concerned, Mrs. Knox assured her hearers that she could delete the names of the fictitious characters in "Yang and Yin" and write in names of her own friends and associates in China. It would be as true a picture of living people as it is a sympathetic presentation of an era of missionary activity; of the impact of the west upon the Orient.

Outline Plans for Baseball Schedule

At a meeting at Walter Colton grammar school this afternoon at 4:15 plans will be outlined for the peninsula grammar school baseball league spring schedule. Arthur Hull is attending as the representative of Sunset school. Carmel's prospects in the league are still an unknown quantity, but the dopesters have hopes of a rather small but fast first team. Strong contenders for places on the team are Orval Jones, Jack Leidig, George De Amaral, Irving Parker, Danny Villapondo, Bill Coffin, Charles Gansel, Bobby Prolli, Bob Haller, Don Berry and others.

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Clever Of You . . .

Clever of you to leave your glove behind

Touched with a bit of delicate perfume.

You knew that I'd catch the fragrance in this room

And summon your vivid image to my mind

Memory Provoking Perfumes

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GUERLAIN—LUCIEN LELONG—CHANEL

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KFRC —10:45 A.M.
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"Romance of
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Ocean at Monte Verde

— THE —

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Normandy Inn

BREAKFAST

--

LUNCHEON

--

DINNER

TIDBIT

For Your Enjoyment

TIDBIT
(Vagabond's House)

Then . . . just in range of a lazy reach . . .

A bulging bowl of Indian beech

*Will brim with things that are good to
munch,*

Hickory nuts to crack and crunch,

Big fat raisins and sun-dried dates

*And curious fruits from the Malay
Straits,*

Maple sugar and cookies brown

With good old cider to wash them down,

Wine-sap apples, pick of the crop,

And ears of corn to shell and pop

With plenty of butter and lots of salt . . .

If you don't get filled it's not my fault.

Nielsen Bros. Grocery

Dolores St., between 7th and 8th

Phone 964

Carmel

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Joyce have returned to Malibu after visiting their daughter Charlotte at Douglas school.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brawner have returned to Pasadena after visiting their daughter Gertrude who is a junior at Douglas school.

Chinns Leave for Palo Alto Home

Rev. and Mrs. Austin B. Chinn left Monday to make their home in Palo Alto, following his retirement as rector of All Saints church, and his final sermon Sunday, at a combined service of Community church with his congregation, at All Saints. The church was filled to capacity with the members of the two churches and other friends of the retiring rector present to pay their respects.

Mr. Chinn's final message was particularly to his own congregation; a challenge to "carry on", to continue to follow the Lord. Rev. Homer S. Bodley brought greetings from Community church; E. A. H. Watson spoke for the parish of St. John's chapel, Del Monte, and Rev. Albert E. Clay brought a message from the parish of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea, in Pacific Grove. Until the arrival of Rev. Carol J. Hulsewe, who is to succeed Mr. Chinn, but will not take over the parish until the first Sunday in May, Mr. Clay will conduct the services each Sunday at All Saints'.

Major and Mrs. G. H. Totten spent the week at the Cliff in San Francisco.

Be Practical, Dreamers!

*Vagabond's House is full of loot
Gathered from Cuba to Mandalay
Bowls and dragons and saddle-bags
Found on the road of a dreamer's way.*

*But even a dream-house must be run
With the practical things of every day,
Nuts and bolts and kitchen sinks,
Hammers and nails and linoleum gay,
Pots and kettles and cups and pans,
Waffle irons and garbage cans.*

So be practical, Dreamers! Not only outfit your house with these things, but make certain every thing you buy is sturdy, well-made and handsome.

Bonham's Hardware, Inc.
Ocean Ave. Phone 84 Carmel

Byington Ford Plans to Build In Mission Tract

Byington Ford has purchased a lot in the Mission tract, on the southwest corner of Dolores and Santa Lucia, and plans to build a home of early California type. He will reside there with his bride, the former Ruth Austin, to whom he was married on Washington's Birthday.

Building Permits \$30,017 for Month

Against \$24,775, the total for Feb., 1936, the month of February closed with a total of \$30,017 of building permits issued, according to City Inspector B. W. Adams. And during the first three days of March, building permits were taken out for a total of \$14,300. The score for 1937 thus far: January, \$26,357; February, \$30,017; first three days of March, \$14,300. Total, \$70,674. It took the permits of nearly the first four months of 1936 to run up an equally big total.

Six new building projects were started this week. Largest was for \$3000, to be spent to complete the basement apartments left unfinished when the new wing of the La Playa was built last year. La Playa didn't expect to need the additional space for five years, if ever. Now they are to be rushed to completion before the summer season. Lee Gottfried is doing the work.

A permit for \$4000 was issued to Joe Catherwood, for a cottage which G. A. Good is building for him at San Carlos and Eleventh. George C. Ingelow has let a contract to A. C. Stoney for the construction of two cottages at Third and Camino Real, one to cost \$2850, the other \$2750. M. J. Murphy is building a \$1500 cottage for Miss Helen Coolidge on Santa Fe between Fourth and Fifth. Additions to his cottage at Third and Junipero have been started by H. R. Greatwood.

TO LOCATE HERE

Mrs. Alice M. Reinhold, retired physician of Pasadena, has been staying at Carmel Inn while locating a home in Carmel. She plans to write, and will reside here permanently.

Annual Fashion Show March 16

Tau Mu's annual fashion show has become such a popular event that this year it is to be a double-header. At Merrill Hall, Astiomar, on Tuesday, March 16, there will be the usual dessert-bridge, followed by the parade of women's spring fashions, and at the same place in the evening, there will be an augmented show, including styles for men and children. As a special attraction it is announced that Mary Hampton, well-known California fashion expert, will be the commentator.

Reservations for tables in Carmel may be made with Mrs. William F. Gleeson, phone 794-W, Mrs. George Graff and Mrs. Harry Raine are other members in Carmel from whom tickets may be obtained.

Dessert will be served at 1 o'clock, the bridge follows, and at 3 o'clock comes the fashion show, accompanied by a 10-piece orchestra. Holman's department store is putting on the afternoon show, and also the evening exhibition at 7:45.

HOME FOR CATHERWOOD

Joe Catherwood will soon be the proud owner of a fine new house. The Good Lumber Company is building it for him on San Carlos street and it won't be very long before he moves in. C. Z. Zumwalt is in charge of construction work and the architect is Milton Latham.

Appetite-Appeal

*Here's a lovely color-scheme to please a hungry man,
The red and white of juicy steaks that wait the grill or pan,
The smooth plump breasts of chickens and the pale cool pink of veal
The neat design of heaped-up chops with appetite-appeal,
The generous proportions of a healthy wholesome roast,
The rosy tints of luscious ham awaiting eggs and toast,
The links of spicy sausages and weenies by the yard,
The golden hue of butter and the moony-white of lard,
Perhaps we're not poetic and perhaps this verse won't scan
But ISN'T this a color scheme to tempt a hungry man!*

AND NOW WE OFFER

Swift's Premium Baby Beef

... and ...

Swift's Premium Lamb

Fresh Fish Daily - Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks

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MEAT MARKET

Carmel

Dolores Street

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VAGABONDS,

— take a —

TAXI!

24-hour service

Sight-seeing Trips

Parcel Delivery Service

Phone 15

JOE'S TAXI

Ocean Ave., next to Library

Persian Prints

*Three vivid Persian Prints are spread
Across a chest of lacquer red.*

*One print is black with poison green
And jade and blue ultramarine . . .
Fantastic flowers, shrill cerise,
In exquisite gay tracteries.*

*Another throw is oyster white.
Exotic blossoms there invite
Strange butterflies to 'light and fold
Their wings of powdered Persian gold.*

*The third is strange with patterned line . . .
Night black and paper-white design
Quite Beardsleyesque, the very same
Sin-flowers spread their leaves of flame.*

*These gorgeous Persian Prints are spread
Across a chest of lacquer red.*

— from VAGABOND'S HOUSE.

Editor: Please substitute for last two lines:

*"These gorgeous Persian Prints renowned
In the Little Gallery may be found".*

(Apologies to Don Blanding)

The Little Gallery

FRED - BUTTERFIELD - GENEVIEVE

Dolores Street

Phone 1162-W

Radio to Present Blanding Program

Ted Malone, whose program "Between the Book Ends" on Columbia broadcasting system is one of the most widely-listened-to poetry programs of the air waves, writes Don Blanding:

"Haven't heard from you lately, but assume you're deep in the labors of your new volume, so, willingly forgive you this neglect. I haven't received a copy of your new title poem which I understand is 'The Rest of the Road' and since I want to devote a program on March 29 to you and your books, I'd like very much to have a copy of that particular poem to use, and to be able to say some-

thing about the new book. So shoot along the dope and any suggestions you may have and I'll try to do right by you.

"Sincerely . . . borrowing your word, 'Aloha',

TED MALONE."

Howard Ely, who plays the beautiful interpretative organ music which backgrounds Ted Malone's readings, adds his greetings: "Just want to send along greetings from the city of the 'Great White Way' and to say I'm still more intrigued by the stories of Hawaii (told as only Blanding can tell them) than with any other poems I happen to run across".

Joan Lou Jorgenson Funeral Services Held

Joan Lou Jorgenson, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurids Jorgenson, Scenic Drive, the Point, died at a local hospital last Friday morning, following a brief illness. Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at St. John's chapel, Del Monte, with Rev. Theodore Bell officiating. The body of the child was removed to Salinas for cremation. Freeman's Mortuary was in charge.

Miss Gladys G. Merrill, Miss Anne Hazen and Miss Helen Trout have returned after spending several days in San Francisco.

Supreme Court to Be League Topic

In view of the intense interest in President Roosevelt's proposed reform of the judiciary branch of the federal government, the program for the monthly luncheon meeting of the Monterey County League of Woman Voters is particularly timely. "Congress and the Supreme Court" is the subject which will be discussed by Prof. M. Cathcart of the Stanford University department of law, and a recognized authority on constitutional law. The meeting will be held next Wednesday noon, 11:45, at Pine Inn. Those planning to attend must make reservations in advance, either with Miss Emma Abel or at Pine Inn.

Non-members may attend on payment of a small extra fee.

On Friday of next week an all-day meeting on legislation will be held at the home of Mrs. Webster Street, in Hatton Fields, with Mrs. Dorothy Greene Chapman, legislative chairman, in charge. And, says the League bulletin, "Bring a box lunch!"

WHEELERS RETURN

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wheeler have returned to their home in Pebble Beach after a week's trip south, visiting Billy and Virginia Wheeler at their schools in Southern California.

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Lovely Spring Colors!

Silk Hosiery

Full **79¢**
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2-thread evening sheers. The utmost in beauty and quality! Ringless, perfect throughout.



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LINGERIE

Lovely Styles! **1.49**

Panties, chemises, dance sets—exceptionally well made. Lace or embroidery trimmed.



Look Your Best in These

EASTER BONNETS

98¢ and 1.98

Smooth sisal straws, imported rough straws, and fine Toyo straws, designed to glorify your Easter costume. Sailors, medium brims and off-the-face models.

**FOUR ROADS
For A Vagabond**

(from "Let Us Dream")

*There are four roads that call to me . . .
The path of the sun on the Western Sea,
The secret trail to the Eastward strewn
With silver clews by the laughing moon,
The long lone road that leads me far
Through twilight murk to the Northern Star,
The fourth as frail as a skein of floss,
The webby light of the Southern Cross
But strong as a rope in its lure for me.
North, South, East, West . . . which shall it be.*

**Whatever Road This Famous Vagabond Takes... We Can Equip Him
From the Skin Out . . . With
Everything He Might Need**



*Chesterbrook
Fashions!*

**Thank You, Sir!
for the**

Man-Tailored

SUIT

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Strangely enough, nothing is more feminine than this figure-defining, nipped-in-at-the-waist, slim skirted silhouette! New toppers, swaggers and dashing tunics! Most important fabrics and colors! Sizes 12-44!

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Monterey

When You Have Your Dream House

(From Farewell to a Dream House in Songs of the Seven Senses)

Then the glory of filling it,
Piece by piece and bit by bit,
Every corner and every space
With the just right thing in the just right place.

Mrs. Edwards Art and Gift Shop will have the "JUST RIGHT THING" for many of those places...

When you're there looking, be sure to see her "Flower Garden" (Flower Corsages) and her new costume jewelry.

Carmel's Art and Gift Shop
CARMEL THEATRE BUILDING

CENTAUR IN LAPIS.....By James Neill Northe



HAT THE significance of the centaur, carved in lapis, in Don Blanding's ring is, may be conjectured as the onlooker wishes; assuredly

the question has been asked a thousand times by those who have passed through the life of this unusual character, but if you will remember, the centaurs were born of Ixion and a cloud. Why then should man dismay himself over such elusive things as clouds and their shadows? The answer lies in the fascination they hold for us—the half-real in life some of us know as living,—the very spirit of everything that must remain intangible. This then, is what one finds in Don Blanding. His verses have circled the globe and he has become not only famous but what is much more difficult, a leg-

James Neill Northe, the author of this article, is the editor of *Silhouettes*, a magazine devoted to poetry. He is also a singer of note, and conducts, with his wife, a school of music in Ontario, California.

end. Many and varied are the tales of his life in the Islands, Paris and the United States, and how many of them are true, possibly we shall never know, but underneath this life of the surface lies a strange being no one knows, but there are some few things that cannot escape notice if one reads thoroughly and faithfully, the output of his pen. Suppose we commence with his beloved "Vagabond's House"?

There may be those who have never had a dream house, and whose lives have built nothing in the clouds, but for the millions who have kept for themselves a few dreams tucked away, the description of this house that Don has given us, recalls the errant dreaming we have let slip by us; it renews that longing for an indefinable something that is loosed in our lives every so often, and men, women and children, read and re-read the story and each time find something new to carry through dark days and lonesome nights. To the child it represents the fairy tale allure; to the woman, her ideal and her prince charming, and to the man it gives hope to his own half-expressed wishes,—perhaps the only contact some men have with love, beauty and color. There is little doubt that the illustrations are a definite part of the popularity of his work, but he is his own rival and while there will always be groups who try to settle the question as to whether he is a greater writer or artist, his books go on in their own way making new friends every hour, and he submerges at one time the verse and another time may find the drawing subservient to the lines he writes.

Strangely enough it is the established writer of note and fame who admires Don Blanding's literary endeavors; and it is the artist of fame and note who becomes ecstatic over his drawings, so it may safely be said that he is unique in his output for the sake of quality alone. The cults and 'ismatic' groups may whisper that his work is 'popular', but the Blanding voice will be the first to agree, and the first to voice the hope that it will remain so, for his is the mission to reach into the lives of millions. He dislikes the sticky, sentimental things that appeal to the uneducated and moronic individuals who lap up funerals and murders and the latest scandals, but at the same time the Blanding mind abhors the obscure. Strange as it may sound, if you read the verses of AE, and read his letters you will find the same mystical quality present in both with a similarity of delicacy in writing that is definitely apart and asunder from the symbolic.

Don Blanding admires Robinson Jeffers first and foremost for his strength, factual expression and background, yet it has never shown in his own work, much as you study the Blanding books. Dorothy Parker has contributed to his enjoyment, and the classics have (and continue to do so) given him the vitality of the past. There is nothing too new or too old for Don Blanding, and out of it all comes an expression that will not be denied. Out of this man who loves colors and jewels, silks and satins, velvets and laces, books, leather, prints, the fleshpots of the world and the monasticism of genius, there springs most surprisingly at times a pioneer element that gives him the impetus to venture where no man has gone before. His mind is continually working, finding out how the world goes round and where it is going; sandwiched in between these hours are the thousands of people he meets. Men linger to talk, women

are prepared to give him anything he may desire, and children trust him and know him for a friend.

This digression brings us more in line with the output, for it is only by realizing the background that one may know the product in part as related to the whole. As a cloud changes shape and form and color, so does Don Blanding's work don different clothes. Edgar Guest continues to wallow in golden mud, and Service is still loved for his bitterness, and Kipling for his bitterness and rollicking satire, yet one cannot say that Don Blanding's work was similar or in the same style as any of these writers mentioned. Wherein then, you ask, does his great popularity lie? Here is a stab at the answer: life is composed of so many emotions, so many experiences, and there are few of us who have known them all, but with a pen dipped in experience, held by a hand of destiny, there is written the foibles and favors of life; there is no cup of bitterness too deep but what a portion of the dregs has not found its way into this strange mixture—no love or hate forgotten; courtesans and angels are found side by side, and kings and fabled peoples pass by. To all of us, there rings a something that will not be hushed, and for all of us there is the borderland of what we know and nearly recognize. The pleasant wording, and the exotic coloring moves on through the pages, while the spirit of daring and the adventure of discovery jovially frolic together.

Greatest of all things to be found however in this Don Blanding, is the lack of all jealousy, the missing egotism. He loves his work and admires it as he works on it, but after it is finished, there are new fields to explore, and new goals to win. His telegrams and letters and telephone calls of admiration and interest in the work of others are legion. The little old lady in the middle west, feels that Don belongs to her equally as much as the blase movie idol, or Russian princess in Hollywood. Don loves them all and treats them all alike... they are his friends, and he writes for them, draws them the pictures and generally lives for them. Can you wonder that each and every reader possesses a part of this beloved vagabond for his very own when he reads:

"Do not carve on stone or wood
He was honest, or he was good,—
But write in smoke on a vagrant breeze
Seven words, and the words are these
Telling all that a volume could:
He lived,—he laughed, . . . and he understood."

This is a very small part of the man we call Don Blanding, whose seal on life is a centaur carved in lapis.

You CAN Be a "Vagabond" On Wash Day

—turn the job over
to us and know
that it will be well
done . . .

Carmel Laundry
A Carmel Industry
Phone 176

EWIG'S TRUE ECONOMY Sale

True ECONOMY begins with QUALITY

SALE DATES—MARCH 4th TO 14th

STW RED RASPBERRIES 85¢
Large tins; 3 for

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1/4-lb. Black.....
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"THE HOUSE OF FINE FOODS"

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Bank of Carmel
Ocean Ave.

PRINCE OF DREAMS.....By Nettie Mae Jones



REAMERS old, dreamers young, dreamers whose dreams have come true and those who have suffered disappointments...

dreamers all, a toast to a man who not only dreams the most glorious dreams for himself but has the precious ability of sharing them. I give you one who has earned every right to be known as the Prince of Dreams: Don Blanding.

To those who have read "Vagabond's House", "Songs of the Seven Senses", or "Let Us Dream", his is a name synonymous with dreams of beauty in all forms, of exotic people and lusty living, of exciting adventures and distant enchanted lands. But what of the man to whom this name belongs? Ah, you should know him.

The books he has written suggest a person of varying moods: a sensualist and yet a dreamer, an atheist and yet a believer in gods, an

NOTE—Nettie Mae Jones, the author of this article, is a book reviewer of Topeka, Kansas.

irrepressible humorist and yet one saddened by shattered illusions, a sophisticated man of the world and yet incurably young. Make no mistake; he is all of these. His life, a savoury salmagundi of alluring vagabondage and iridescence, is a testimony to Chance, to Fate, to predestination. It is best illustrated by the intricacy with which his earliest dream has been threaded through his life.

In early days, the Blanding family lived in Lawton, Oklahoma, on Avenue A, near the Indian reservation. Many nights young Don was awakened by the sound of flying hoofs as the Indian ponies raced along the reservation boundaries. Lying there breathlessly, their thundering filled him with a sense of power and exultation he was unable to explain. So impressed was he that at last he dreamed of running swiftly over the flat, brown prairies with those ponies. The next morning he tried to tell his mother about it.

"You mean," she suggested, "that you dreamed you were a pony, too, and could run like Shaggy?" naming the family pet.

"No, Mother, no!" he protested. "I wasn't a horse. I was me... but I could run like a horse." And thereafter whenever questioned, he always insisted that in his dream he was himself, but he could run like a horse.

To the imaginative, emotional boy, it was a glorious dream, and when he was put to bed at night his last waking thoughts were of it. He tried with all his small will to dream it again and again.

Some time later, his mother purchased a set of beautifully illustrated books, the Stoddards Lectures. That evening after they had been unpacked and put upon the shelves, Don selected a volume and laid down by the fire to look at it. Greedily turning the pages of his treasure, he at last came upon a picture that made him cry out delightedly. He rushed to his mother, holding out the open book.

Look, look," he shouted. "That's what I dreamed I was!"

The illustration he had found was that fabulous being, a centaur. To the knowledge of himself or of his family, it was the first time the youngster had ever seen a picture of a centaur, much less heard the name, but his recognition of its being a

part of his dream was undeniable.

Throughout the years the memory of that dream remained distinct. It became a symbol to him, and he had the image of a centaur engraved upon a flawless lapis lazuli and set into a ring. One night at a dinner party in New York, the ring caught the attention of the lady at his left. She commented upon the unusual design he had chosen, and in explanation he recounted his youthful dream. The incident was of much interest to her and, being none other than the astrologer, Evangeline Adams, she asked him on what date he was born, adding that she would like to briefly sketch his horoscope.

A strange expression crossed her face when he told her his birth day, and for several moments she was silent.

Finally she said: "No, I won't read your horoscope, for you would only think me trading upon the story you've just told."

At Blanding's insistence, Miss Adams gave him the reason for her statement.

"You were born with Sagittarius rising," she said, "the symbol of which is the centaur. Instinctively you have chosen it as wisely as you have the deep Jupiter blue of the lapis lazuli, for Jupiter is the ruling planet of the sign. Wear your ring always, for luck, for good fortune. A child of Fate, go wherever you choose, do whatever you choose. Fate will see you through."

Though you may not believe in astrology, in fate, in destiny, though to you the story may represent only pure chance, you must admit the impressiveness of the three-fold coincidence. Had Evangeline Adams known Don Blanding intimately, she could not have better described the pattern of his life.

His unshakeable belief in his dreams has taken him far places and batiked his life in strange designs, but atop of his faith he keeps a humorous, quizzical attitude toward life. What better shows his whimsical ambidexterous imagination than this terse autobiography:

"I was the love-child of a flea and a lightning bug, born on a windy night, cradled in a cob-web, tutored by thistle-down. I hitched my wagon to a falling star and my road maps were all drawn with disappearing ink."

While you drink the toast, I'll make a wish for you. May your life some day be enriched by the touch of the fascinating, vibrant personality of one who dreams true: Don Blanding.

WHILE YOU WAIT — WHILE YOU SHOP SERVICE

Ladies Leather or Composition Heel Lifts.....25¢

FINE SHOE REPAIRS

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156 Bonifacio Place Monterey

In The Spring . . .

A young man's fancy

Lightly turns to thoughts of garments,

Dashing ties and stunning shirtings,

Sox and other HE-MAN charmments

Then he matches moods and moments

With the season's merry raiment.

Hail the young man's budding fancy

Expressing spring's let-us-be-gayment.

Dashing Ties . . .

FOULARDS from England

SHANTONGS from China

MOGODORES from Vienna

CONGO CLOTH (something new in neckwear)

Stunning Shirts . . .

OXFORDS - MADRAS

Suits

GLEN PLAIDS, SHETLANDS . . .
ALTERNATING STRIPES, NEW
BRITISH LOUNGE MODELS,
TWEEDS

Slacks

FLANNELS, GABARDINES
in the new gay colors

Sport Coats

"Expressing Spring's Let-Us-Be-Gayment" . . .

Sweaters - Sox - Shoes - Underwear Sports Apparel

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Clothes for Men and Young Men
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Christian Science Services

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Monte Verde Street, one block North of Ocean Avenue, between Fifth and Sixth
Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11:00 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8:00 p. m.

Reading Room
Ocean Avenue, near Monte Verde
Open Week Days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Evenings: Tuesday and Friday 7:00 to 9:00
Holidays 1:00 to 5:00
Public Cordially Invited

All Saints Episcopal Church

Monte Verde Street
South of Ocean Avenue
The Rev. Austin B. Chinn, Rector
SUNDAY SERVICES
8:00 a. m. Holy Communion
9:45 a. m. Sunday School
11:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon
All Are Cordially Invited

Song of the Kitchen

From Song of the Seven Senses

*I've sung the pomp and pageantry of kings,
Of pearls and peacocks, fauns and pheasant wings,
Let's talk of things much closer to the heart . . .
Of Kitchens and of culinary art.*

*The stove, refrigerator and the book
Of well thumbed recipes, the breakfast nook,
The pots and pans, the oilcloth on the shelves,
The cookie jar where youngsters help themselves,
The spotless floor, the scrubbed and shining walls,
What pleasant memories that word recalls.*

... And in singing of
the Kitchen . . .

Don't forget the Laundry

We now carry

THOR

WASHERS
and
IRONERS

The Stove, the Refrigerator and the Fixture for
Your Dream House Kitchen,

... from ...

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-:-

Phone 686

Honoluluans and Poet Don Blanding

By PHIL NESBITT

When it is said that those many persons who ride high in Honolulu, loved Don Blanding, there is little exaggeration. Hawaii—which is the popular word covering the entire group of Islands, has expressed itself many, many times in gratification and joy that Don lived among its folk. This was before he went to New York and opened a magnificent studio. Here, remembering those delightful fish which for so many years were visible to him when he chose to 'reef wander', in the Islands, he painted truly excellent screens of underwater subjects.

I recall hearing a poem written by him in Honolulu. It was "as if to commemorate a certain scene of flood", in which Don was a hero with the people who shared the flood adventure with him. Old Kimo Willder, one of Don's well beloved friends in Honolulu, a painter, and more, a lovable teller of tales, was also a bit of a hero in this scene of flood.

I think there was some romance, some danger, and a great deal of goodish humor involved in the flood episode, and as usual Don colored the whole affair with his ineffable and rare (and humorous) understanding of what makes most people happy.

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Writes Thesis on Don Blanding

By M. Maureen Maloney

Author of Thesis on Don Blanding for University of Nebraska

It is not rare that a lover of poetry should be so intrigued by Don Blanding's vivid and poignant word pictures that he needs must voice his appreciation, but it is unusual that a thesis for a Master of Arts degree be based on a living writer.

It was with tremulous resoluteness that I asked for an interview with Blanding last summer, while he was sojourning in New Mexico. When I started for Taos I knew what I wanted to accomplish, but hadn't the slightest idea of how to go about getting the desired thesis material. It was with the greatest of trepidation that I arrived in Taos, as Blanding had not replied to my request for an interview, but one of the first people I saw in the village was a handsome, big man, dressed in pale blue slacks, who shouted to the friend who had met me: "I wrote to Nebraska today". My companion called back: "Here she is." That was my introduction to Don Blanding.

Never have I received a more hearty handshake, nor a more genuinely friendly greeting. I don't know what sort of a reception I had expected, but it was almost staggering to have the sophisticated, romantic Vagabond treat me as though I were heaven-sent. And he was sincere . . . it was not a pose! I spent the greater part of five weeks in conversation with the man, (when he was not vagabonding around the state) and a more completely charming person I have never known. There was never the slightest sign in him of the self-conscious author. He is himself at

all times; a big, healthy, cheerful boy . . . grown just a little older in years than he enjoys realizing, but still a youth at heart . . . a youth with a beautiful, generous character, which predominates everything about him. He is never ponderous, always entertaining, witty, gay, interspersing his serious comments with clever phrases and apt words. Above all, he is considerate and tactful. Whatever sorrows he has had, he never willingly mentions, yet a study of his writings reveals that the sunshine of his life is flecked with many shadows.

As a thesis subject Blanding's poetry offers unlimited possibilities. In the first place, it is unusual for a minor poet to attain such phenomenal success while still a young man. In the second place, theses have been written on many poets many times over, but never before has a thesis been written on Blanding. An entirely new field was open, and I had the good fortune to be able to take advantage of it. I discovered depths to Blanding which a mere casual reader would not notice. Studying a man (like a guinea-pig under a microscope) does not always reveal his most flattering traits, but an intensive analysis of Blanding and his writings served only to strengthen my admiration for him, as a man and as a poet.

"HELP YOURSELF,"
a Federal Theaters stage
play, MARCH 17th and
18th, SUNSET SCHOOL.

A Publisher Looks at . . .

Don Blanding and Tells What He Thinks

By HOWARD C. LEWIS

Vice President Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers of Don Blanding's Books

I FIRST heard of Don Blanding from my good friend, H. M. Snyder, bookman and world traveler. We were having luncheon after one of Snyder's periodical visits to the Far East and I was hearing about Honolulu. Any discussion of Honolulu at that time could not fail to include Don Blanding, who had published several little volumes of verse through the Patten Company, Ltd. The success of these booklets had attracted Snyder's attention and he urged their publication in the United States. It was an excellent luncheon and Snyder is persuasive and convincing; but it was a little surprising to find myself practically committed to publishing a book of poems I had never read, by a man I had never seen, before we left the luncheon table. The collection called "Vagabond's House", appeared in due course and, equally surprising, the poems more than fulfilled Snyder's enthusiastic promise. Illustrated in Don's own style, the book was published in 1929 under the title of "Vagabond's House" and was instantly successful. Even the staid Boston Transcript was startled into saying of it: "The author of 'Vagabond's House' takes us into far countries. His poetry is vividly and almost blindingly colorful, and strangeness and lush richness of material are scattered with a lavish and careless hand. He has a store of joyous and rollicking retrospections and a memory list of names of places that tingle in the ear. The book reeks with strange and enticing odors of tropical blooms and savory foreign dishes. It is lit by southern moons and shows glimpses of bazaars, Chinese shops and deep sea curiosities."

Then one day Blanding himself appeared in my office doorway and I saw him for the first time—six feet and two hundred pounds of him. He announced that he had moved his own personal "vagabond's house" from Hawaii to New York. Under the shadow of the Empire State Building he found a studio and here he spent the winter, painting screens and exotic wall panels, writing stories and verse which have appeared in a score of national magazines, illustrated by his pen and ink drawings. But New York couldn't hold him. I had persuaded him to the lecture platform where he was instantly successful

and for several seasons toured the country from coast to coast, reading his poems and recounting his experiences. The spring of 1932 found him in New Mexico, far from the Empire State Building, automobiles and railroad routes, reveling in the painted deserts, the cliff dwellers' ruins, the great mountains, the mesas and canyons. Here in Taos his dwelling became "La Casa del Vagabundo". Here again he took root temporarily and more verse and more books appeared over his name. The list is beginning to be an impressive one, for, since the first volume, the following have appeared in succession: "Songs of the Seven Senses", "Let Us Dream", "Memory Room", all collections of verse. In addition, "Hula Moons", his fascinating story of life in the Islands and "Stowaways in Paradise", his story for boys in an island setting.

Late last summer he disappeared. We knew only that he was somewhere between Taos and the Pacific coast. Suddenly I heard that he had established another Vagabond's House and that he had settled down there permanently—or as permanently as anything is permanent with Don. Carmel seems to have captivated him. His letters are full of delight in the place. He writes, "My house is smack-dab on the sea", and again, "I am loving Carmel—it will be a good place to work—grand sea right at my door and this morning it is snorting and raging from the aftermath of a far-away storm somewhere—great breakers thundering and crashing." Who knows, perhaps Carmel will cure Don's itch to go over the horizon—not altogether, I am sure, but perhaps he won't wander so far or so much.

Dream of Jewels

*Birthdays . . . anniversaries . . . we can show you gems,
Necklaces and bracelets, rings and diadems,
Jewels as gay as laughter, stones as sad as tears,
Loot from Burmese temples, trinkets from Algiers,
Trappings for a princess, crown and chain and snood,
Gauds for every hour, changed with every mood.*

*We can show you sapphires strung on golden mesh,
A gorgeous constellation to glow against your flesh,
Emeralds to conjure spring and diamonds for frost,
Carbuncles reflecting flames from a holocaust.
You can look on lapis, blue as Arctic seas
Mirroring the crystals of the Pleiades.*

*When the bleak November shrouds a world in gray
You can have a topaz to magic gloom away;
Yellow as the sunlight on a frost-touched leaf,
Yellow as the wheat straw in a golden sheaf;
You can have a topaz smoky as the haze
That dims the autumn glory on October days.*

*Jade and silver earrings tittilant as bells,
Yellow jasper scarabs witched to banish spells.
Bangles for your ankles, chatelaines and charms
Ropes of beryl and agate to twine around your arms.
And you can have a casket your jewels to hold,
These fragments of the rainbow trapped in gold.*

(Memory Room).

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. . . DON BLANDING

Note: We carry a complete stock of Don Blanding's books. Vagabond's House . . . Songs of the Seven Senses . . . Hula Moons . . . Stowaways in Paradise . . . Let Us Dream . . . Memory Room Pictures of Paradise . . . The Virgin of Waikiki.

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SPENCER'S

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You'll Want to Go To Hawaii!

By FREDRIC BURT

Thousands, yes, millions of jazz-swing-weary Americans must be grateful to Don Blanding for high pressuring the low pressure, cadent life of Hawaii—providing for them a vicarious whirl into a cleaner, greener land and a gracious way of living. His totem is a lusty, laughing youth holding poesy high with his right hand, a lecture platform in his left and with a radio antenna for a halo—while beneath his feet is Babbittism, not recumbent but prostrate, pau! Awfully sorry for Blanding, too, because he writes "Vagabond's House" and "Memory Room" and at the same time is possessed of such itchy feet that "house" and its connotations are sort o' sad; emotional warfare as 'twere. Writes "Hula Moons" and Mrs. Hardpan-Harychinne has him lecturing amid American blizzards so that her little group of Constant Knitters may catch a glimpse of Something, as well as a hopeless thrill. Well, can't blame 'em. Just read "Hula Moons" and, though president of the Carmel Sacro-Iliac Club and prospective president of the local Townsend group, I wanna go to Hawaii, Don!

Scientists have decided that snakes walk on the ends of their ribs which curve down from their backbones and are moved by each vertebra.

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What Don Means to Hawaiians

By HUAPALA . KANEALOAKEALII KAAIMANUIKALEHUAOPUNA
(HOMER HAYES)

THE Hawaiian people will forever be grateful to Don Blanding. In our behalf, he has had the courage to express himself, where others have been too timid. It is he who has soothed the sorrows and disappointments that have been ours too frequently since the discovery of Hawaii and the resulting confusions in customs, cultures, and civilizations. With the tenderness of his verse, he has healed where the harshness of others has sometimes hurt. His sentiments are an inspiration to us younger Hawaiians. Knowing him as we do we have no doubt in our hearts that he is our friend, nor do we fail to realize that in our mutual appreciation of those things that are truly Hawaiian, he and we have something in common.

How Don Blanding could come from a land so far away, and yet have the understanding that he has of the Hawaiian mood, feeling, and temperament, one can hardly say. What person other than a Hawaiian can capture the meanings of Aloha, with all the tender hidden connotations? We Hawaiians acknowledge Don Blanding to be that person because of his poems, Aloha Oe, Leaves from My Grass House, Hawaii, and many others. He has taken the rhythm of our temperament and has given it a melody.

With poignant understanding he has seen the beauty that lives in the Hawaiian heart. Thus, standing aloof from hypocrisy, acting contrary to the tendencies of those who can see virtue only in restrictions, he has long since had entree to our deepest emotions.

His sincerity we measure by his appreciation of our customs and our traditions. His appreciation we find in his poems, prose, and his founding of Lei Day in Hawaii. For centuries before the islands were discov-

ered, the natives gathered flowers and made wreaths for every occasion. They made them, too, when the occasions were only the blooming of the flowers—every day. Other people have come to the islands and they have adopted this custom too, until the flower wreaths—fragrant leis—and Hawaii are thought of inseparably. But through the ages, Hawaii had to wait patiently for Don Blanding to come and commemorate this tradition of flowers by suggesting a dedication of one grand day set aside each year.

We, in turn, have caught the spirit of him who inaugurated this May Day event, and have answered so enthusiastically that Lei Day in Hawaii is rapidly becoming one of the outstanding celebrations in the World. The laborious hours we spend in creating the intricate wreaths of delicate blossoms are our dedication to Don Blanding, and though we are humble in our efforts, because these hours seem so short, we are content to know that our descendants for endless ages to come will likewise continue to express our sincere Aloha to him.

DESERT FLOWERS SHOWING

The brilliant desert wild flowers—evening primroses, sand verbenas, scarlet buglers and many others—are appearing in parts of the Mojave and Colorado deserts, according to the outing department of the National Automobile Club. They will be at their peak about the third week in March.

"HELP YOURSELF,"
a Federal Theaters stage
play, MARCH 17th and
18th, SUNSET SCHOOL.

From An Hawaiian Garden

*Sheer webs of lace the spider-lilies weave.
So frailly delicate, we must believe
That pixies, skilled in magic, spent the night
With nimble fingers spinning "Queen's Delight"
To catch my lazy fancy with its fragrant white
And float a web of glamour on the magic night.*

We have laces which might have been the inspiration
for Don Blanding's poem.

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GOLD

*My treasure chest is filled with gold.
Gold . . . gold . . . gold
Vagabond's gold and drifter's gold . . .
Worthless, priceless dreamer's gold . . .
Gold of the sunset . . . gold of the dawn
Gold of the dandelions on my lawn . . .
Poet's gold and artist's gold
Gold that can not be bought or sold . . .
Gold.*

P. S.—And coin of the realm in the right amount
To start a nice little bank account.

(Even Vagabond Poets have a practical side)

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN THE MAN MAKES A HIT . . .

*In days of old the heroes bold
Wore velvet and gold brocade
But heathers and tweeds supply the needs
Of the modern-day's young blade.
Serge and cheviot, gabardines,
Flannels in brown and blue.
For Hail and Cheer! The Spring is here!
It's a New Spring Suit for you!*



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Knew Don Blanding When in Honolulu

By Betty Seymour

HOW WELL do you know Don Blanding, you who have read his poems and wandered with him through the world, over the bridges of colorful words with which he has made the connecting link for your world and the world of fancy where-in he wanders? You know him as a purveyor of jewels strung upon the webs of his memories of places and faces. I know him as a good friend, a joyous soul, a little boy, if you will, Puckish and with laughter constantly in his heart.

When I first became acquainted with Don Blanding I was in Honolulu, editing an oil paper (shades of our Newspaper fathers forgive me!) and living in an apartment with a girl friend where we were wont, over the week end, to feed at least one or two home-hungry chaps who were far away from the United States and the cooking they loved. Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands is a grand place, it is a heavenly place, a place where every prospect pleases and only man is vile, if I may quote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and one of the things that to an American palate became the vilest at that time was the tastelessness of the cooking in Honolulu restaurants which was called cooking by the Chinese and Japanese who mangled the food and robbed it of its texture and flavor.

The Lord gave me the ability to put food together and make it acceptable, and Don Blanding, having come up to one of our dinners one evening with an invited guest, decided that here was something like

Mother used to make, and being gay and engaging was, of course a welcomed guest.

You haven't seen Don Blanding's real side of life until you see him in your kitchen hovering over some dish you are preparing and like all little boys, waiting to "lick out the dish." You haven't known the real Don Blanding until you hear him sit down and worry out a tune on the piano with one finger, in the meantime nearly worrying you to death with it, and finally you burst out, as I did one night, with the result that he looks like a little boy whom you had just spanked. You haven't known the real Don Blanding until you have seen him happy and gay and careless and full of mischief and naughtiness, playing pranks on his friends, pulling something that leaves you gasping and fearful as to how people are going to take it.

Don at that time was making picture frames for Charles Gurrey, Honolulu's only art director, who had a small exhibition gallery, and in between he painted pictures and was at that time writing, although he evidently was keeping it pretty dark, because he said nothing about it. He also was by way of being Honolulu's leading matinee idol and did some very excellent acting in the Little Theater group which they had at that time. Don had a flair for costuming and makeup, and in addition to taking part in the play, also used to fashion the costumes for the leading lady. With a paper of pins, your own kimono, or the

TO MY FRIEND DON BLANDING

By CHARMIAN LONDON

Don Blanding is compounded of many bright and joyous things. His crystal divination is an alembic in which he distills the grace and loveliness of the universe he so exquisitely contacts. Don is an adventurous joyousmith concerned with the fashioning of beauty in many mediums known to himself. He attracts beauty, for he knows as you, and I, that it is beauty makes the world go round. And he elects to go round with it, helping himself to it moment by moment, garnering what he needs for transmuting into lines and form and color all his own. A man of friendships—who must share with his kind that which he garners. Fortunately for us, his is the magical gift that drives him, a Chosen One, to interpret what he absorbs into himself, and dispense his largesse of beauty with happy hands to all who can see and feel and hear. To think of Don Blanding, one fancies him walking in beauty, the beauty of the world.

drapes from your window, Don Blanding could transform you into an alluring siren. Our wardrobes had no secrets from him, for while the rest of the gang was busy talking Don would disappear to reappear shortly as some character which the material in your wardrobe suggested to him.

In short Don made life interesting for us. We loved to see his smile, we loved to hear his songs, we always had a place for him at our table. He was clean, joyous, and entertaining. At that time he entertained us. Since that time he has been entertaining the world and you.

When Don Taught School

Young Student Learns About Mythology

By RANALD COCKBURN

FEW PEOPLE who know Don Blanding as the vagabond, the drifter with the wind, would ever dream that he had been among other things a school teacher. There is nothing of the pedant about him.

When I was a snub-nosed brat in short pants I went to a highly exclusive school in Honolulu. Mythology was included among our studies and Don Blanding taught it. I remember the hour with great distinctness and pleasure . . . it was the hour just before recess.

But seriously, Don had a flair for making the lives of those lively Greek and Norse gods and goddesses as real as the stories of our current baseball heroes. If he included some of the spicier episodes of their lives he was only anticipating the sophisticated thought of the present younger generation. I think he must have been a hairy legged, cloven hoofed Pan in his past incarnation.

I had heard of Don Blanding even before I attended his class. Little pitchers have big ears, even in Hawaii. Everyone in Honolulu knew him. I think that he was most charming to the very young and the aged. Anyway it seemed that way. He has an artesian sympathy for people that never seems to fail.

He was always producing shows, doing something shocking to the missionaries or helping a friend. He got away with things that no one ever dreamed of doing.

In our class was one precocious youngster who, because of his mother's exalted social position in

the town, got away with murder in school and no one ever dared reprimand him. Once when he was too ornery Don firmly but justly spanked him on his aristocratic behind. The school shuddered and the town awaited the earthquake. The lady invited Don to dinner and publicly thanked him.

If for nothing else, Honolulu will never forget Don for originating one of the most beautiful of Hawaiian holidays, Lei Day. He took the old custom of garland wearing and giving and used it as the motif for a day when all Hawaii celebrates the fact that it lives in such Paradise. Aloha, Don, from a kamaaina.

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TURKEY AND CONVERSATION, A TRIBUTE.....By Erle Stanley Gardner

PERSONALLY, I claim no one has ever really known Don Blanding unless he's had the good fortune to meet the poet over a roast turkey.

Most of the good things in the world have been discovered by accident rather than design, as witness the apple which fell on the savant's nose, to say nothing of the apple which fell from the tree of knowledge—or did it fall?

Two, three years ago, when I had a studio in Hollywood, a few friends would occasionally drop in to spend the evening and chat. Of the things I dislike, "dinner" heads the list. This business of sitting at a table, and juggling food with conventional silverware in a formal manner, seems a confounded waste of time, particularly when one dresses for the occasion. As I see it, eating is one of the concessions man has to make to his physical environment, a necessity which should be clothed with

no more social significance than refueling a ship or an automobile. My idea of furnishing eats for a crowd of congenial spirits, was to commission a caterer to roast a huge turkey, home style, gather up some pies, rolls, cranberry sauce, and dump the collection on a table in front of the fireplace. I'd give everyone a knife, spoon, plate, fork and cup, let them eat as they wanted to, sit where they damn pleased, talk with whom and about what they chose, and go home when they got ready.

I've always been impressed by what is known as the "Georgia Grind", which I understand consists of a stream of red watermelon pulp flowing in at one side of the mouth while an uninterrupted flow of black seeds spurts out the other side of the mouth.

Don Blanding has a modification of his own. He converses best over roast turkey. The turkey flows in the one side of his mouth, and colorful conversation pours out the other side—and when I say colorful, I mean just that. During the course of a rather hectic career as a lawyer, I encountered, off and on, some of the best two-fisted talkers in the country. I specialized in trial law, and started my career early enough to run up against many of the old-time, highly individualized trial lawyers. These men had developed their technique before uniform standards of educational preparation had resulted in a mass production of uninspired attorneys, whose individualities were subordinated to specifications, whose legal minds were as interchangeable as Ford parts. I have met and encountered some of these lawyers whose choice of words was vivid, unexpected, dramatic, and colorful, but I have never yet listened to anyone who sprinkled so many

Erle Stanley Gardner, who contributed this article to The Pine Cone, is the author of "The Case of the Howling Dog," "The Case of the Caretaker's Cat," "The Case of the Lucky Legs" and other best-selling mystery stories, many of which you have read or seen in the movies.

picture-painting words in conversation as Don Blanding. I like Don Blanding's poetry. I think it has something which represents the combination of artist and poet. But, after all, in any form of polished effort there is, to some extent, a subordination of individuality to convention. A man's extemporaneous conversation shows more of the man as an individual than do his more studied efforts.

Personally, I hate conventions, and I'm not too strong for civilization. I can stand cities for just so long at a stretch and then I head for the mountains or the desert. Particularly do I like to leave the main traveled highways, and find some secluded spot in the desert where the silence of interstellar space drifts downward to rest on the sand as a soothing mantle. There at night I sit by my little camp fire, watch the flames die down to embers, watch the embers glow and darken, fanned by the vagrant breezes which drift across the face of the desert, too imperceptible for man to sense. Then I conjure up memories of the past, and revive old friendships, recalling pleasant experiences with something of that same appreciation with which a philatelist may turn the pages of his rarest album.

And, by these desert camp fires, chuckling recollection returns to memory those rare bits of humorous philosophy which have fallen from

Don Blanding's lips with such sparkling spontaneity. Or, perhaps, I'll remember some description of the Islands which he loves so well, some extemporaneous word picture which has been created with such vividly colorful words that I feel I have actually seen the spot he describes.

But Don doesn't get going really good unless there's turkey—plenty of turkey. And afterwards, when you miss him and wonder if perhaps he

isn't feeling well, and find he's not in the bathroom, just tiptoe out to the kitchen. He'll be in front of the ice box, with what's left of the turkey strewn around him like sun-bleached bones on the desert.

Some men respond to the stimulus of liquor. Sherlock Holmes craved his cocaine. But give Don Blanding his turkey.

And, afterwards, spread a paper in front of the ice box, for the bones.

Mystery

*I wish I had the Magic Touch to give
A transient life to all of these antiques
In this quaint shop . . . and while each
treasure lives
Listen and hear the tale that each one
speaks.*

*What toasts were drunk from this old
silver cup?
What beauty wore this locket at her
breast?
Did Royalty from this plate onetime sup?
What story ties to this old jewelled
crest?*

*Old silver. Tell your romances to me
And let me weave them into poetry.*

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WE KNOW WHY WE LIKE DON BLANDING . . . DON BLANDING TELLS WHY HE LOVES CARMEL

I KNOW that I shall sound like an enthusiastic realtor when I tell why I like Carmel-by-the-Sea so well and why I intend holing up here "for a while if not forever."

There are many places in this delightful world where I love to live for a year or two at a time and to return again and again. Almost any place set among beauty will serve as an interlude in a rather racketty life such as mine. But there are few places that induce in me that feeling of wanting to weave myself into the fabric of the place, to take root . . . in other words, to build my Vagabond's House.

One of these places is Hawaii; my grass-house in Paradise is staked out there. The other place is Carmel-by-the-Sea. Between 1915 and 1936 I've lived North, South, East and West and I've loved it all. But at the end of a year or so in each place I've been content to drift on. Carmel seems to have worked a magic spell.

I'm essentially a greedy person, wanting all that I can get of everything. In building a home I want it surrounded by as many elements of beauty as I can get. Certainly there must be mountains; *here are mountains, more satisfying mountains to live with day after day than some of the great god-mountains with their aloof snow-crowned peaks.* I want the sea crashing at my door; *the sea crashes with most satisfying thunder beyond my windows here.* It is a splendid sea. It is sort of a love child of the Maine or English coast and a beach in Hawaii. The virility and viking splendor of the northern seas combine with some-

thing of the lyric loveliness of the waves at Nanakuli on Oahu. I like a river near my dream-house. Carmel River is hardly more than a brook but it can be called a river; *it has the moods and loveliness of a river without some of the disadvantages of a more ambitious body of water.* There would have to be a forest near a home of mine; *where would I find grander trees than the pines and cypress of the Peninsula, especially the old cypress that look like the gray-beard trolls of Viking legend?*

On the physical side Carmel has nearly everything. But it has more. *It has seclusion without isolation. Repose without stagnation.* One of my favorite great cities is only three hours up the coast.

Carmel has the charm of a village, *but the people are cosmopolitan.* There were about thirty-two guests at my birthday party in November. Twenty-eight of them had lived on at least three of the great continents and a number of them had been around the world several times. They could have chosen their homes from the beauty-spots of the globe. They decided on Carmel for many of the same reasons that I have given above.

If the gods are good and enough people continue buying my volumes of verse I think it's very likely that I shall have my Vagabond's House here "where the surf makes thunder along the beach . . . and the rainbow's end is within my reach." (With, of course, a summer house in Hawaii, an adobe hangout in Taos, a log cabin in the giant redwoods, and a few other scattered wickiups hither and yon. LET US DREAM).

—DON BLANDING.

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CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT—Logic Is a Feminine Gift By Thelma B. Miller

WHAT Carrie Chapman Catt achieved, she achieved through logic and persuasion; the most feminine of gifts. And if you don't think logic is a feminine gift, wait until you hear what Mrs. Catt has to say about it.

The great feminist leader, whose name is invariably included in any

list of the five or ten greatest living American women, has been visiting on the peninsula for the past week, a guest of Elsie Lincoln Benedict, the practical psychologist, in Carmel Highlands. Many, and particularly members of the League of Women Voters, which she founded, hoped that there would be an opportunity to hear her speak. But Mrs. Catt is 78 years of age. She has done her bit for the world, and even if she would, the friends who are traveling with her will not allow her strength to be dissipated by the strenuous demands of the lecture platform, or the hundreds everywhere who want to clasp her hand. Few are the leaders who have lived to see their great dream realized within their life span. Mrs. Catt was singularly fortunate in this. With all due respect to Susan B. Anthony and those other great women who laid the ground work, the suffrage movement owes its success to the organizing ability of Carrie Chapman Catt—and to persuasion

and logic. She has earned the right to rest.

Regardless of the unfriendly newspaper cartoons of 25 years ago, and the ridicule in general that was heaped on women who wanted to vote, the leaders were not feminine furies in funny hats—not Mrs. Catt's crowd. They neither suggested battle axes nor waved them. More like the women we know in the League of Women Voters, they were intelligent, charming, and disconcertingly well-informed; earnest, but not too earnest to enjoy the fun and zest of a common purpose, as well as the responsibilities. That is the spirit which came down to them from Carrie Chapman Catt. Facts, their ammunition; logic their shield, and good humor, the great disarmers of opposition.

Mrs. Catt quoted to me the words of a man she once talked with; a man who was opposed to woman suffrage, but saw that it was inevitable, because—"These women are so danged logical." That ability to proceed to their goal logically rather than emotionally—wherein they differ from men—gives women a frightening power. And opposed to logic is force, which, Mrs. Catt says, never accomplishes anything lasting.

"What is the next big job for women?" I asked Mrs. Catt. Her answer was prompt. "Getting rid of war, and making democracy work. Those are the two big tasks, as I see them, for women—and men—everywhere." I noticed throughout our talk that she subtly drew me away from the term "women" as a separate category. That seemed odd, for one who has been pre-eminently identified with "women's rights". She

seemed to want to consider men and women together, just as human beings. It made me wonder, was her life not perhaps founded on a realization that so long as women were treated as a class apart, the race must be lopsided and not uniformly developed; that the progress of men, too, was held back by failure to make use of all that was best in humanity, feminine as well as masculine.

Mrs. Catt believes that the two big jobs won't be accomplished in this generation.

"But did you expect to see woman suffrage realized in your generation?" I asked.

"I don't remember that I thought about that," she said simply. "I just knew that it had to come." Besides, it doesn't seem like a short time to her. Seventy-two years, she says. That must be from the time that Susan B. Anthony first stuck up her head and invited the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. (No quotations guaranteed!) But Mrs. Catt agreed that it took men longer to gain the vote—500 years.

"If the world seems a bit wild these days," said Mrs. Catt, "Just remember that it is because of the last war, and the causes that led up to it. The gravest question before the world today is this: How may the human race become possessed of sufficient sanity and common sense to make an end of war?"

And democracy—"Democracy can't be saved by force and repression. More and more liberty is being taken from the people. I like the Hyde Park system—I always go down there when I am in London. There you hear people unrepressed, talking out the bitterness that is in them, get-

ting it out of their systems harmlessly, instead of bottling it up to explode in force."

Mrs. Catt does not believe that this country is in danger either from communism or fascism. "Communism never yet has happened anywhere, even in Russia," she maintains. "Fascism, a loose term which we apply to rule by one man, is an Italian product. It is an exotic plant which would find nothing to nourish it in American soil."

Hope for democracy she sees in the large numbers of people who are vigilant to preserve it; danger to it, in the use of force. "All this labor trouble, the strife between capital and labor, that is an example of the wrong use of force, on both sides. That's not the way to solve the problem." I'd like to have asked her what seemed to her the right way, but that's a long story, and I didn't feel free to trespass indefinitely on her time. From the pattern of her life, I hazard that her answer would have been "logic and persuasion"—sitting down and talking it over like grown people, instead of throwing rocks at each other, like furious little boys.

Of women, categorically, she said this much. "Women seem to accomplish more through organization than men do, simply because they have more leisure. Men are occupied with business; the more successful a man, the more leisure his wife has, and the greater her obligation to use it for the benefit of society."

Mrs. Catt thinks the League of Women Voters is doing a fine job. By what she heard from men, all over the country, she knows it is the most powerful of women's organizations.

She wears laurel wreaths, does Carrie Chapman Catt, not battle scars, as she goes down the western slope full of honors and tranquility. For all her quiet manner, that would permit her to mingle with a crowd of women without being particularly noticed—except that many would recognize the face that has been so much pictured in newspapers and news reels—everyone listens when she begins to speak. Not because she dominates, for she does not; and not alone because of a dry, pungent wit that makes her discourse entertaining. There is power there; something subtle that has been focused by years of leadership; something that would make people stop and listen even if they had never seen her picture nor heard her name, nor known all that it signifies.

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White wine and red, . . . champagne if I prefer,
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The Carmel Pine Cone

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WHO IS DON BLANDING

Who is Don Blanding, and why has The Carmel Pine Cone chosen to make him the subject of a special edition? We know that to the hundreds of readers of this special edition, who know all about Don Blanding, and have never before heard of The Carmel Pine Cone, the question will be stated differently: what is The Carmel Pine Cone, and why shouldn't it devote a special edition to Don Blanding, if it is fortunate enough to have him available for subject matter? To you we will have a word to say later; first we speak to our own people; the regular readers of The Pine Cone.

Don Blanding slipped unobtrusively into Carmel at the end of last summer. For a week or two no one knew that he was here. Then The Pine Cone presented him in an interview; the Honolulu people rallied round to yarn with an old friend who, in pictures and print, had so truly caught the spirit of the islands. Others sought him out, he has given several of his talks on the peninsula, and the circle of his friends steadily widens.

Don Blanding is important, to our way of thinking, because he is unique. He is an individual, in an age when people seem more and more to be cut from identical patterns. You may or may not like his poetry—many high-brows don't—but we defy anyone to talk with him for half an hour without coming to like him. He is without pretense, and he doesn't take himself seriously. Writers and lecturers come by the dozen, but original personalities are rare. He has that quality essential for true realization of life. Call it "love", or call it "good will" if you like that better. His interest flows outward from himself to all living things and to nature. He has lived by it so long that it has become unconscious, and fundamental. In conversation, if you have nothing to offer, he will chatter along and amuse you; if you have something, he is quick to sense it and draw you out. We have heard him talk about scores of people, and we recall, with a kind of wonder, that we have never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone. His cleverness—and he has a clever tongue—is never at the expense of someone else, though often at his own. He remembers the best of people; their own uniqueness, which responded to his.

Now, a word to Don's many friends who are reading The Pine Cone for the first time. You will want to know something about Carmel. We won't bore you with Chamber of Commerce statistics. Carmel is on the central California coast, and it is one of the world's most beautiful places. Writers and artists discovered in about 30 years ago, as a place where life could be simple, work seemed to be particularly effortless, and the spirit was continually recharged by contemplation of beauty. This latter quality consists largely of vivid coloring and rugged irregularity. The native forest of oak and pine goes down to the water's edge; the sands of the beach are glittering white; the ocean is peculiarly blue. Beyond the stretch of beach, it breaks on black, jagged rocks. Behind us are gentle, swelling hills, now green with spring. When the sun shines here, he seems to laugh aloud. We have fog, too, gentle, fluffy fog that curls down among the trees with magic in it. It is never really hot here, and never very cold—excuse it, please, we did have some frost this winter, but that was "unusual."

Don Blanding regards this as one of the world's special places, and that is why he wants to live here. Carmel, like Taos, Hawaii, and a few others, has a soul of its own, distinct from that of its inhabitants. There is something elemental in the air here which nourishes creative work. Sensitive people feel it tangibly; those less sensitive respond to it unconsciously. Love for Carmel is almost a cult. People live here because they can't bear to live anywhere else; and people who visit here leave vowing to return.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SPUN-GLASS SHIP

*From Don Blanding's forthcoming book, "The Rest of the Road".
The Man-Next-Door came into the room where the Boy-in-the-Wheel-Chair sat.

He grinned at the boy and the boy grinned back as they started their hour's chat.

"Which hand will you have", said the Man-Next-Door, "the left hand or the right,

For one is empty and one is full?" The boy laughed with delight.

His small thin face grew rosy bright as he pondered the problem well.

The right or the left, the empty or full, only his choice could tell.

"I'll take them both," he laughed at last and his voice was a joyous skip.

The Man-Next-Door held out his hands and gave him . . . a spun-glass ship.

*A spun-glass ship as frail as smake, but Oh, so gallant and trim
 With ropes and spars all set to sail to the edge of the sky's blue rim.*

"Now, where shall we go?" said the Man-Next-Door as he spread a world-wide map,

"To Borneo or the Lands of Snow or the tiny Isle of Yap?"

"For you are the Captain; I'm the crew and we sail wherever you say,

To the Arctic Seas or the Caribbees or to distant Buzzard's Bay."

"Oh, wait, I know where I want to go," the Boy-in-the-Wheel Chair said,

"To Christmas Isle for a little while. It's in a book I read."

So they rode away on the spun-glass ship with dreams for wind in the sails

While the one-man crew told the Captain Bold many exciting tales

Until it seemed that they more than dreamed under the magic spell

Of the land where it's Christmas all year long . . . and Fourth of July as well.

They sailed to Hither and Thither and Yon, to the North and the South and the West,

But of all the world it was Christmas Isle that the Captain loved the best.

*And the boy forgot the dull wheel chair and the ever-present pain
 As they made the trip in the spun-glass ship in storm and sun and rain.*

But the kindly eyes of the Man-Next-Door were filled with anxious fears

*And his cheery grin was a mask to hide the ache of unshed tears
 For he saw too well how the Captain Bold grew wearier every day*

And his merry laugh was a wistful smile as their dream-ship sailed away.

*He came one day to the quiet room and called his "Ship ahoy!"
 But his voice was hushed as his quick glance fell on the face of the wheel-chair boy.*

The small thin face was white and still . . . but clutched in the frail hands' grip

With its sails all set for another voyage was the gallant spun-glass ship.

"Bon voyage," said the Man-Next-Door, "You've sailed without your crew.

*Oh, Captain, may the winds be kind and the skies be ever blue.
 May the final trip of the spun-glass ship ride swift with the ocean's swell*

To the land where it's Christmas all year round . . . and Fourth of July as well.

—DON BLANDING.

*This poem may not be reprinted without written permission of the author.

ANOTHER ONE TO QUOTE

In honor of the visit of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, it is no more than fitting and proper that we should have another one of our editorials about the League of Women Voters—particularly as we are told that the good ladies like them so well that they are even quoting them in the national literature of the League. That's fine, girls, and here is another one you may quote if you like.

We understand that your president, Mrs. Carl Voss, asked a more or less rhetorical question at one of your meetings last week—those meetings that seem to be so confusingly many and frequent, and which come to our ken mostly because they keep our star reporter out of the office for hours at a time, so that we have to answer the telephone and go about muttering in our moustache.

She says that Mrs. Voss wanted to know whether the women, the rank and file membership, thought it was all right for the organization to go on endorsing measures, and instituting legislative action, in view of the fact that many of these same rank and filers had not had an opportunity to make a thorough study of all the questions on the League program. We'd like to answer that question.

In the first place, we understood that study was the purpose of all these meetings, and that in addition there is lots of literature which Miss Haseltine, locally, is always anxious to circulate. From our wife, we had gained the impression that information was practically what you had nothing else but. If you don't have plenty of opportunity to digest the information, it looks as if it was your own fault. We know that we have amassed plenty of information, second hand, through our wife, whether we wanted to or not, and it has looked to us as if the League of Women Voters was doing a particularly fine job; a job that men should be doing, but on account of somebody having to make a living, we've had to rely on the ladies to help us with. Outside of the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, we know of no equally reliable source of information on questions which it behooves us to know something about.

But don't stop with amassing information. You could stay home and read and do that, and our wife would be on hand to answer telephones and get her copy in a little more rapidly. But the whole point of your organization, as we see it, is that you not only gather and discuss facts, you also act. There is something about massed womanhood intent on a purpose that is very much like that philosophical intangibility, irresistible force. Certainly no legislative body, particularly as long as it is composed mostly of men, is going to constitute the immovable body. So all we have to say is: Be sure you're right, ladies, and then go ahead!

WE DON'T WANT BILLBOARDS

Foster & Kleiser, the billboard kings, have stuck their necks out a long way in insisting on their inalienable rights to decorate the highways of Monterey county with outdoor advertising, whether visitors, residents and taxpayers of Monterey county like it or not. We do not like it, most emphatically, and we trust that the supervisors of Monterey county will not be as supine as those of San Francisco, when faced with the question of allowing the approaches to the bay bridge to be turned over to the advertising gentry. We can, if necessary, resort to the same direct action as the enraged San Franciscans, but it should not be necessary. We do not want billboards, either on the Salinas highway nor the Carmel-San Simeon highway. And it might be well for those contemplating using the Foster & Kleiser boards to remember that when billboards are forced on a community, the reaction against the advertised products is apt to be very, very bad.

Your House . . . Your Castle



*West of the sunset stands my house,
There . . . and east of the dawn;
North to the Arctic runs my yard;
South to the pole, my lawn;
Seven seas are to sail my ships
To the ends of the earth . . . beyond;
Drifter's gold is for me to spend
For I am a vagabond
Till you want to settle down.
Hillside or valley, forest or shore . . .
Let us plan YOUR house!*



GOOD LUMBER CO.
Opposite the Beach Phone 7209
PACIFIC GROVE

Knew Don When

Editor The Carmel Pine Cone:

My good wife and I have known that vagabond, Don Blanding, for about 17 years. Knew him first in Vagabond Land, better known as the Paradise of the Pacific, Hawaii. I personally recall that he was a willowy young chap in those days, just as popular with the ladies as he is today, but he hadn't got quite so many delightful poems out of his system at that time. More power to his pen and his glamorous personality.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Daingerfield.
Los Angeles, Feb. 17, 1937.

Poems Inspire Yearn to Travel

By HELEN WARE BURT

His poetry fairly sings of far-away places and starts a yearning to be away to some of the dream places he pictures so vividly and beautifully. Blanding has eyes that see Nature in all her moods; ears that hear the music of the sea and woods; a heart that feels deeply all the emotions of joy and sorrow and pain—and the blessed gift of carrying his readers with him to the scenes he is depicting. And he has a grand sense of humor which creeps into some of his verses and makes one laugh with him. He's a grand lad and his books have brought me much delight. A poet that can make you laugh, weep, dream and see the beauties of Nature should have his works on every book shelf. I am eagerly awaiting his next volume. More power to you, Don!

On His Bedside Reading Table

A man's bedside book stand offers an interesting slant on his character revealing what thoughts he turns to in the restless hours of the night when insomnia may be guest. On Don Blanding's book stand bedside reading table were, "Ebony and Ivory", by Llewellyn Powys, "Macbeth" by William Shakespeare, a ragged, well-thumbed copy of Kipling's "Kim", "Salamambo" by Flaubert, "John Silence" by Algernon Blackwood, poems by J. U. Nicholson, "Dancing Gods" by Erna Fergusson, two worn volumes of short stories by Saki, a collection of Somerset Maugham's stories, Jack London's "House of Pride" and "South Sea Idylls" by Charles Warren Stoddard. A varied and interesting group of book-companions.

Says World Needs More of His Kind

Dear Don Blanding:

No wonder you are thrilled; Neighbors, townspeople, friends and enemies are the very ones who seldom pay tribute.

But you deserve it and I am glad for you as will be many others. I am particularly glad because of the spirit of your work and your own joyous attitude toward it. Embittered poets and propagandists may have their place, but the world needs your kind of poet more, I think.

I am sorry my husband and I did not take time last summer to visit The Pine Cone office. But our time was limited and we wanted to see the mission.

—LULU PIPER AIKEN.
Ontario, Ore.

SUITS HER FANCY

Editor The Pine Cone:

Send me The Pine Cone. I wish I had had the opportunity of offering a tribute, personally, to my favorite poet, author of "Vagabond's House"; for he "suits my fancy in every way."

—EDNA MAE LA POINT.
Los Angeles, California.

Kite Festival March 13

Parade To Be Held Week From Tomorrow

KITES of many sizes and shapes are under way at Sunset school shop, in preparation for Carmel's traditional spring kite festival, which will be held Saturday, March 13. Ernest R. Calley is in charge of all arrangements, and is securing patrons, judges, and other officials. It is to be regretted that Rev. Willis G. White will be unable to take an active part in the festival this year. It was through his inspiration and help that the festival was originated here and in several other places in California.

The parade of kite-flyers will leave the school at 1:15, go down Ocean avenue as far as Pine Inn, return to San Carlos and then to the flying field in Hatton Fields.

Kites will be judged for the best

made, the oddest, the prettiest and the highest flying, with prizes in each class; kindergarten to second grade; third to fifth grade; sixth to eighth grade, and one prize for over the eighth grade. A kite is not a kite unless it can fly, is a rule of the festival. The children may receive suggestions as to shape, finish and color, but the actual work of construction must be unaided.

DEMONSTRATE PROJECTOR

By means of two educational films, a film-sound projector was demonstrated at a Sunset school assembly yesterday morning.

Beth Sullivan is confined to her home in the Eighty Acres with a painfully dislocated shoulder.

A Favorite Dish At Vagabond's House

*We can't serve it too often . . . I always eat my fill,
A dish I learned in London. A Picadilly Mixed Grill
Two tasty pats of sausage (that's two to every man)
A pair of luscious kidneys (get lamb ones if you can)
A crispy bit of bacon, a slice of salty ham,
A nibbly well-browned choplet (of spring lamb, never ram)
Some this-that-and-the-other, just any little thing.
A dish for lord or commoner, or duke or earl or king.*

VINING'S MONTEREY MEAT MARKET

423 Alvarado Street

Monterey

To Beauty

(Let Us Dream)



*To beauty . . . woman, goddess and a jade,
Capricious flirt whose changeless lure is
made
Of changefulness, strange garbs and
strange abodes.
Dressed now in crimson of the autumn
roads,
Again in woven silver of the moon,
In opal mists of morning, or at noon
Brooding in sable shadows. She may
choose
To wear the painted desert's savage hues
Or, as vestal, don the mountains' snows
Or walk as Spring, in springtime's green
and rose.*



La Mode
165 Franklin St. **Sport Shop**
MONTEREY

BETSY ANN Dixie Song

(Anyone who has lived in the South remembers Mammy singing as she prepared delectable dishes for dinner).

*Betsy Ann is kneadin' dough.
Swing me high and swing me low.
Betsy Ann is bakin' bread.
Crown of stars to fit mah head.
Betsy Ann is fryin' meat.
Golden slippers on mah feet.
Betsy Ann is mixin' cake.
Pray the Lawd my soul to take.
Betsy Ann is cleanin' up.
Wine of Heaven fill mah cup
Betsy Ann, she rests her bones.
Hear those sinners' mournful moans
Betsy Ann . . . Betsy Ann . . .
You can cook like no one can*

—Adapted from "Memory Room".

BETSY ANN Soon to be SOUTHERN KITCHEN

"ELLA'S SOUTHERN KITCHEN"

Dolores Street

Carmel



By RONALD JOHNSON

So this is the Blanding number, is it? About Don Blanding the poet, is it? Where do we come in, is it? No, no. Wait a minute. Hold everything, me lad. Calm down and quiet yourself before you go off the deep end about something that has absolutely nothing to do with you. This is the Don Blanding issue, and you must be quiet while the show is going on. Yes, you'll get an ice cream cone later, but be quiet now. Why is this the Don Blanding issue, mamma? Huh, mamma? Mamma, huh, why? Who is Don Blanding, mamma? Huh, mamma, who is he? Why does he get a paper all to himself mamma? Hush, my child, you are in highbrow company now, and you must be quiet while the other people have their say. But I wanna write about Don Blanding, too, mamma. And anyway I get my name at the top of the column, mamma, and I want the readers to see it instead of Mr. Blanding's name. He writes poetry, does he, mamma? Is that why he is so well known, mamma? O, he's a vagabond, huh? I wish I could be a vagabond, Mamma. Can I be a vagabond, mamma, huh? Who's a little tramp? Who should be quiet? Why mamma! I can write poetry too I betcha. Maybe not as good as his, but I bet I can write it, mamma. O, I have to be a dreamer, do I? I'll bet Don Blanding is a dreamer, mamma. Is he, huh? I'll bet I'm a dreamer too, mamma. I don't

want to talk to daddy, he gets mad. I'll just stay here with you and talk about this man Blanding. You don't mind, do you, mamma? Why mamma, what an awful word you just used. And in front of your child, too. I'll bet Mr. Blanding doesn't use words like that. O, he didn't when he talked at your club, huh? I'll bet all the ladies kinda went for him, didn't they, mamma? Did you kinda go for him, too, mamma? Huh? No daddy won't hear, he went out for a walk. O, you did, huh? Pretty nice, huh? I bet I'm romantic looking with stars shining deep in my eyes too, aren't I, mamma? Am I a wild and free soul, unhampered by the restrictions of civilization, huh, mamma? Who ought to be in jail? You wouldn't strike me, would you mamma, huh? When did Mr. Blanding first begin to woo the muse, mamma? I don't know what it means, I saw it in a book. How do you woo a muse and what is a muse? Huh, mamma, what is a muse? Anyway, I betcha I can write just as good poetry as he can. Whatcha want to bet that I can't? Huh? You'll do what to me if I ever become a poet? Why mamma, I thought you liked Mr. Blanding. O, he's different, huh? You'd kinda like to see him some more, wouldn't you, mamma? I bet I could be famous too. I don't see why he gets a special paper, mamma, honest I don't. Who ever heard of him before he got to be famous? Huh? Who? Who's never going to hear of me if I'm not quiet? If you smack me that hard again, mamma, I'm going to tell daddy what you said about Don Blanding, and then you'll be sorry. Sure I could use a nickel—even a dime, maybe, if you had it. Oooh, thank you, mamma. I won't tell daddy now. Why mustn't I get the idea you gave me the dollar to shut up, huh, mamma? O. K. Let's let it drop, huh? You know, mamma, I heard a funny thing the other day. Daddy and some of the boys—I mean some of his friends were talking about Don Blanding's newest book, "Pictures of Paradise". It's a pretty name, isn't it, mamma? Hey, mamma, wake up! O, you weren't asleep, huh? Just dreaming of a coral island and romance, huh? Why mamma! I didn't know you had it in you. Well, to get on with the story, these men

were talking about a poem that appears in the book opposite a picture of a ship. The picture doesn't name the ship, but two of the lines the man recited were: "What is your cargo, Where do you go?", and the poem talks about far ports and strange cargoes. Am I boring you, huh, mamma? One of the men began to laugh and said that the cargo certainly was strange. He said the name of the ship was the Tusitalla, and that anyone from Hawaii could tell you in a minute what its cargo was. I guess I am just a child, mamma, because I didn't understand what he meant when he talked about the cargo, but he mentioned the coast of South America and some little islands near it and some birds that live on the islands near Peru. What's the matter, mamma? How did I spoil your day, huh, mamma, how? Who spoiled your faith in poets, mamma? Huh? Did I? O, now I am going to tell daddy. Unless of course, you maybe have another dime or a dollar. Gosh, Don Blanding started out for the Hawaiian Islands on \$90 a long time ago. All I need now is \$88 dollars more and I can be a poet too. Some peachy fun, being a poet—eh, mamma?

Offers Prize for Play In Poetry

Editor The Carmel Pine Cone:

Don Blanding has no enemies. I am just one of his myriad of friends and admirers. Please send me five copies of The Pine Cone.

Don Blanding has always been a great inspiration to me.

By way of introduction, I am quite well known in the poetry journals, am a member of the Poetry Society of America, a member of the League of Western Writers (L. A. Chapter) and secretary of my chapter, also assistant curator and program chairman of the poetry department of Ebells Club of Los Angeles.

I am offering a \$10 prize through our Festival of Allied Arts (under the direction of the Women's committee of the chamber of commerce) for a one-act play written in poetry. The play sent in should mention they are competing for the Kegley prize, and any further information can be obtained from the above mentioned committee. This festival and its prizes are open to anyone who may register. The prize play, if found suitable, may be played during the coming year before Ebells club in its poetry department.

Speaking of Don Blanding as an inspiration to me, I have just had a poem set to music by our talented composer, Floris Hudnell; this poem was written after seeing one of Mr. Blanding's drawings. This song was sung before a large audience not many weeks ago at Ebells club. The poem is entitled "Moon Death at Waikiki", and the picture that served as an inspiration was a most lovely face in the waves of a truly Hawaiian setting. As I sit at my typewriter, the wall in front of me is covered with Blanding drawings, a most lively and beautiful collection, some merely cut from magazines, but all of them equally interesting and valuable in my eyes.

With best wishes for the success of this coming number,

—LUCY WHEELER KEGLEY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

DISARMAMENT MEET CALLED

World disarmament received a new impetus at Geneva when the League of Nations Council decided to call the steering committee of the slumbering disarmament conference for a meeting on May 6.

CALIFORNIA LEIS

Perhaps today your thoughts are straying
Where white ginger blooms are swaying ...
To your "thrice-enchanted isles"

Across the sea.
Where Hawaiian music's playing
And the summer sun is saying
"Aloha—Won't you please come back To Waikiki?"

When by native fires you're dreaming
All the world of glamour seeming
Far away from California's

Sunny shore
Perhaps a wise moon's mellow gleaming,
Or the dawn with song birds teeming
Will call you back in thought to us
To us once more..

There is California star-light,
Many mocking-birds and moon-light ...
And a lovely, lonely star

That burns at eve.
In the amethyst of dawnlight
See our hills all smoked in fog-light;
Oh! You'll surely miss them all
We do believe.

California's praise we're singing;
Golden poppy leis we're bringing ...
Leis of orange blossoms ... kissed

By Western sun.
With your Island memories clinging
Hear the Mission bells still ringing
Endless chains of happy hours
And friendships won.

—ADA VIRGINA HULL
Hollywood, Cal.

"Help Yourself" Proves Its Theme

Proving again that "the Lord helps those who help themselves", the farce "Help Yourself", the Los Angeles Federal Theater Project road show, which comes to Sunset auditorium March 17 and 18, en route to the Columbia theater in San Francisco, deals with an enthusiastic but jobless young man who adopts the old proverb as his watchword with results which are both hilarious and successful. Not only does the resourceful hero help himself to a job in a large bank but also to the bank president's pretty daughter in marriage.

This fast-moving farce comedy of today was written in Vienna by Paul Vulpius and has been translated into typical American stage phraseology by John J. Coman. It played to packed houses in New York City for 19 weeks and later in Los Angeles at the Musart theater where it was hailed as one of the best of the Federal Theater Project's efforts to date.

"Help Yourself" is the first of the many stage plays the government plans to send on tour throughout the Western States and has been chosen because of its quality of affording audiences a thoroughly amusing and agreeable performance. It is played with verve and enthusiasm by a carefully selected and well directed cast.

LIFE IN THE PAST

Harvard University scientists, who were excavating in Australia, discovered a fossilized sea monster that is believed to have lived 150 million years ago.

GIVE YOUR SHOES
A Chance to Last
KEEP THEM
IN GOOD REPAIR
VILLAGE
Shoe Repair
San Carlos near Ocean

THE MIDNIGHT OIL

When Don Blanding burns the midnight oil ...
working late on a drawing or some verses ...
he likes a SNACK AND A CUP OF THAT
IMPORTED COFFEE or some of our wonderful
ice cream. Then he's good for hours more work.

"NONE SUCH ICE CREAM"

Many people call it the best in the State!

DeLUXE FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Only the Best Materials Obtainable are used
at our Fountain!

WALT'S
DAIRY

Corner Theater Bldg.
Phone 659

We Who Live Here

Walking in beauty as we are ... sun gold,
moon-silver ever in your eyes,

Treading on flowers ... breathing perfumed air,

We do forget what loveliness is ours ...
what treasure lies

Quick to our hands until, all unaware
We come to a sudden corner ... face the

sea and clouds, a stretch of sky
Burning with color, drenched with glory.

So,

As one, walking asleep with open eyes,
wakens to a cry,

We waken to a beauty which we saw and
and did not know.

... from Paradise Loot.

Faces, too, have unrecognized beauty, and it is
our business to see that beauty and bring it out.

We will use your hair to create a frame that
will make the most of every lovely
feature ...

ANDRE'S
BELLAS ARTES BEAUTY STUDIO

La Rambla Building - Lincoln near Ocean Ave. - Phone 508

Motorists Warned About License Plates

Motorists who do not have their 1937 license plates on their cars now, will be subject to arrest, Howard E. Deems, registrar of vehicles, announced today.

Orders to the California highway patrol to stop all cars bearing 1936 license plates and to give citations to those who cannot offer satisfactory evidence of having applied, were issued by E. Raymond Cato, chief of the patrol.

Officers were instructed also to stop and warn all out-of-state cars which have not secured 1937 non-resident permits.

Carmel Garage Will Handle Chevrolets

The Robley Chevrolet Company of Monterey has announced through its sales manager, M. G. Leicester, that it is now affiliated with the Carmel garage, managed by Louis Levinson, and will bring Chevrolet sales and service to its Carmel customers. The Robley organization now has the honor of being the Chevrolet distributor for the entire Monterey peninsula. The Carmel garage will provide up-to-date Chevrolet service and equipment in every department. Also to be sold there are the neat little auto trailers which have been causing so much favorable comment.

DON BLANDING

*Long years he sat
Upon our shelf,
And now, at last,
We know himself—*

*A gipsy merchant,
Faring wide
Beneath the stars,
Beyond the tide,*

*Wings on his heels,
And on his back,
Tied in a cloud,
His peddler's pack*

*Of pixie pelf
That glows and gleams
With web and wool
Of Island dreams—*

*The throbbing surf,
The haunting strain,
The Hyda flower,
The Kona rain . . .*

*He trades our street
For silvered beach
And pulls the moon
Within our reach!*

—RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL
(Mrs. Sanborn Young) author of
Old San Francisco, Army with
Banners, etc.

BRACISCO MENDING

Barney Bracisco, local Pacific Gas and Electric Company employee, has returned to his home from Peninsula Community hospital, where he has been since Feb. 14. He fell from a ladder while making a wire repair and received a badly fractured left leg.

Horror of Spanish War

Mrs. Katharine Cebrian Is Speaker Here

By THELMA B. MILLER

THE full horrors of Spain's civil war have not been more vividly disclosed here than by Mrs. Katharine Crofton Cebrian, who was speaker at the March general meeting of Carmel Woman's club, Monday afternoon at Pine Inn. Mrs. Cebrian's was, in part at least, an eye witness account, and while, quite understandably that the various factions in the rebel cause, her talk was for the most part reasoned and temperate. She insisted that she is not a "fascist", that she knows little about the tenets of fascism, though she sees the probability that the various factions in the rebel camp will emerge from the conflict with a generally fascist complexion.

Of her intimate friends in Madrid, where she lived for 18 years until escaping from the war-torn land last October, Mrs. Cebrian knows of only three who are still alive, because, like her, they got out in time. She knows what happened to some of the others, and that knowledge is not conducive to a completely objective presentation of the situation. Inexpressibly vivid and pathetic were the stories she told, of terror, fire and bloodshed, boiling up all about her when she returned to Spain about a year ago, after a visit in California. As is probably always the case, the Cebrians and their friends did not foresee what was coming. They knew that disorders were on the increase, but civil war is just one of those incredible things that "don't happen."

The story, as she told it, was of a government unable or unwilling to maintain order, until a large sector of the populace rose, behind the military, trying themselves to insure protection for their lives and property. Fascists and monarchists were only two of the numerous elements in this uprising, she stressed. The disorders,

such as the burning of churches and the vandalism of art, had been going on sporadically ever since the fall of the monarchy, she declared. She upheld the educational standards of the religious schools, one of which her own son attended, and which prepared him to enter an American high school at the age of 13.

"Spain is the only country with a recognized Anarchist party," Mrs. Cebrian pointed out, and then she proceeded to show the relation of that statement to current happenings;—a series of anarchist murders from the day of the wedding of the last king and queen, 30 years ago, until the climax when the Socialist government, "in arming one part of the citizens against other citizens," placed guns in the hands of the anarchists. The arming of the red militia brought a toll of private vengeance, executions without trial on "suspicion" of rebel sympathy, the shooting of a great many non-combatants of the professional and mercantile classes. Exclusive of the acts of war, aerial bombing and bombardment, Mrs. Cebrian estimated that 32,000 non-combatants have lost their lives in Madrid in this fashion. "And those who listen carefully", she said, "hear the softly padding footsteps of Trotsky in the offing".

Not only did the government fail to put down growing disorders in the months preceding the revolt, but actually orders seem to have been given to tolerate them, Mrs. Cebrian declared, citing incidents known to her, tending to prove this statement. Murders of rightist sympathizers went unpunished; the civil guard were given orders not to shoot, even in self-defense; the syndicalist trade unions gained the upper hand over not only employers but non-union workers, she declared.

In defense of the rebel position she maintained: "The loyalists were loyal to a government which had allowed their crimes to go unpunished, but not to the first principles of humanity. This is not democracy!"

Mrs. Cebrian told some dreadful atrocity stories, and in this she was perhaps not acting entirely in good faith. She was not actually an eye-witness to any of the peculiar horrors she detailed, like the "Belgian babies with their hands cut off" in the last war, it was always from someone else that she had heard them. Atrocity stories should be told with care, because people react to them so instantly and with such violent emotion, and usually without stopping to ask whether they are true. Where horror is involved, people seem to have a "will to believe." It may be seriously questioned whether atrocities have ever been used as a deliberate policy by any warring faction, though individual atrocities are undoubtedly a natural by-product of war. When conditions are created releasing the beast in man—and war is such a condition—it is excessively difficult to keep that beast within the bounds of decency. Wherever Mrs. Cebrian adhered to her own personal experiences, she is an interesting, effective speaker. In certain obviously memorized passages of her talk, she is open to suspicion as a propagandist. In a neutral country propagandists, of whatever color, are a source of potent danger.

In the absence of Mrs. H. S. Nye, club president, Mrs. Fenton Grigsby, vice president, opened the meeting and turned it over to Mrs. Lawrence M. Knox, chairman of the current events section, who introduced the speaker. Refreshments were served at the close of the program.

TRUSTEE MEET POSTPONED

The regular monthly meeting of Sunset school board of trustees, scheduled for last evening, was postponed until next Thursday evening at 7:45 in the principal's office.

MOVIE MAGIC!

(Memory Room)

*Here is white magic. Celluloid and light
Combine to bring dear ghosts to transient life.
Du Barry bows her head beneath the knife
And Romeo moans hotly in the night.*

*Here is white magic. Moviedom creates
New worlds and brings old worlds before our eyes
Crusaders march. Great Catherine lives and dies
And Marie Antoinette reincarnates.*

*Tom Sawyer's pranks are flashed across the screen
Where Copperfield tomorrow wins our tears
Or Dracula infects our hearts with fears
And stay-at-homes may live in foreign scenes.*

*White magic . . . past and future are unfurled.
A dead man's pictured lips sing living song.
What power they have for beauty and for wrong
Who make a MOUSE the hero of the world . . .*

THE FILMARTE

Carmel's locally owned theater - Home of exceptional film fare
Monte Verde at 8th Phone 403

“ WALK VERY CAREFULLY . . . MAKE YOUR STEP HESITANT.
ONE OF THESE BABIES SOMEDAY MAY BE PRESIDENT. ”
(from Baby Street)

PROVIDING FUTURE PRESIDENTS
AND FIRST LADIES WITH PURE,
SAFE MILK OF UNQUESTIONED
QUALITY IS OUR BUSINESS, OUR
VOCATION AND OUR HIGH CALLING.

PHONE 78

Del Monte Dairy

42 years on the peninsula

7th & Dolores - - - Carmel

Psychology Class Meets In School

Katherine Nelson's class, the psychology of everyday life, is now on a regular schedule of meetings Monday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30, in the library at Sunset school. The study material is so arranged that even those not attending regularly, perhaps just dropping in occasionally, will get a great deal out of it, though of course it is better for both the class and its members to follow the work straight through.

At last week's meeting, Mrs. Nelson asked the class to write down two statements, briefly, one answering the question, "To what do you attend most?" the other, giving reactions to a "personality chart" which she had prepared. Using this material, which was turned in without signatures, Mrs. Nelson began Monday evening to give brief psychological analyses of the class members.

Mrs. Millard A. Klein gave at the Monday night meeting a comprehensive and interesting review of the book, "Wish and Wisdom" by the American psychologist, Joseph Jastrow. This book covers "the field of judgment and belief, and their irregular forms", Mrs. Klein said; its thesis, that wish diverts wisdom, or that human nature has an irresistible attraction to the phony.

SECURITY FOR GOLD

Gold is being shipped to the new Federal Security vaults at Fort Knox, Ky. \$120,000,000 has been shipped from New York. Treasury officials say that four billion dollars will be deposited in the new vaults.

DINNER
55¢
BLUEBELL
Coffee Shops
Open till 3 a.m. Monterey

Tired Vagabond

*The feet are a little weary,
The road is a little long,
Clouded the blue horizon,
Muted the careless song.*

*In a town that's not too distant,
Near a city that's not too big
I'm hunting a shingled cottage
With a garden where I can dig.*

*In a yard with trees and flowers
I'll build and I'll grub and toil
And I'll know the joy of belonging
As I root myself to the soil.*

—from Memory Room.

Surely Don Blanding had the Monterey Peninsula in mind when he wrote this!

Conlon and Thorn

See MRS. DOUGLASS

Dolores Street

Phone 707

TO MY PAL.....SCOTTY CREAGER

By DON BLANDING

NO STORY of Vagabond's House for the last two years would be complete without tribute to "Scotty." Scott Creager is my sidekick, partner and companion in adventuring. It's only occasionally that a lone wolf finds another lone wolf going the same direction. When he does it's great stuff.

In January and February of last year Vagabond's House was a studio in Hollywood; from March until August it was an adobe house in Taos, New Mexico; during August and September it was a blue roadster with a tarpaulin, collapsible bed, folding stove and a good supply of grub on the road from border to border, Mexico to Canada and west to the sea through Yellowstone Park, Glacier National, Rainier, Columbia River, Crater Lake, the Giant Redwood Forest, Yosemite, Bryce and Zion Parks and finally Carmel. Since September the house has been a snug cottage by the sea in Carmel.

During all this time Scotty has been uncomplaining packer-upper and unpacker, driver of car, manager, friend and sharer of adventure and misadventure.

He drives the car because he says that I know how to drive but not where to drive. He's quite right. I must have a taste for gutters because the car and I always end up in the ditch. On the other hand I claim that he knows how to spell but doesn't know what he's spelling so I attend to most of the correspondence. But what a grand thing it is to have a trusted hand at the wheel while I set and let my eyes rove the sky and land from horizon to horizon. My idea of heaven.

Scotty is a whale of a good cook, too. I mean A COOK. Fried chicken. WOW! And anything else you might suggest from chop-suey to curry. My talent along that line shows up best in camp. I don't mind crawling out of the covers on an icy morning and fixing coffee for the gang. It puts everyone in good humor AND lets me off everything else the rest of the day. Scotty's complaint of my camp cooking is that no matter what I start it ends up as a stew. Good stew, he admits but nevertheless stew which, regardless of varied con-

ditions is stew no matter how much you thicken it.

Scotty has two great requisites for being side-kick, wet-nurse and guardian of a vagabond poet. These qualifications are patience and a total inability to be surprised. No matter how racketty the project, how sudden the decision to head for Tegucigalpa or Santa Fe, or how annoying the details which must be attended, Scotty takes it in his stride. Not that he misses any bets, it's just that he doesn't make noises about it.

In these days of quick-sand values, of speed and mad scrambling, or finger-tip contacts, friendship seems to have become a bit old-fashioned. I am proud and happy to claim Scotty as that finest of all relationships, "best-friend".

Transplantings

Resurrected From the Archives
of The Carmel Pine Cone

—10 YEARS AGO—

Approximately 30,000 beetles, the main part of the collection gathered through many years by L. S. Slevin, have been placed in the California Academy of Science at San Francisco. The collection will be used by research workers. While the beetles come from all over the world, a large number of them were collected in this vicinity.

—10 years ago—

Abalone league baseball players have been cheered by the news that they will receive \$3 each time they bat the ball and hit a sign which has been placed in a distant corner of the field. The sign is considered impossible to hit.

—10 years ago—

San Francisco's leading Little Theater group, known as the Players' Guild, under direction of Reginald Travers, will present two plays here on March 25 and 26. The plays will be "The Bride of the Lamb" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary."

—20 years ago—

At a recent meeting of the Forest Theater board of directors, John B. Jordan was elected president for the ensuing year. Summer plays this year will be "If I Were King", in July, and "Romeo and Juliet" in August.

—20 YEARS AGO—

Senator Rigdon's bill for the new highway from Carmel to San Luis Obispo is reported receiving favorable attention from the senate highways committee. Assemblyman Martin will look after the interests of the bill in the lower house. It calls for an appropriation of \$350,000.

—20 years ago—

A new ordinance has been passed by the board of trustees which makes it unlawful to discharge firearms in the city limits. The ordinance also prohibits exploding fireworks and building bonfires in streets and other public places.

—20 years ago—

The annual election of officers of the Young Men's Club was held last week. Officers elected were: Robert Norton, president; Patrickson Green, vice-president; Charles De Vega, secretary.

—20 years ago—

There will be an election of members of the sanitary board next week. It is not yet known who will run for the three memberships open.

IRENE CATOR RECOVERED

Irene Campbell Cator has returned to her home after being in Peninsula Community hospital for the last week.

IN HOSPITAL

Mrs. Neva Benson is a patient at Community hospital.

Flowers In Death Valley Begin Blooming

Recent rains assure an abundance of wild flowers in Death Valley this season. Total rainfall for the winter has reached 1.90 inches which is an abundance of water for the thrifty desert plants. Already the alluvial fans are turning green and the earlier blossoms are appearing, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club. Weather in the valley is clear, with daytime temperature around 70 and night temperatures about 45.

Bridge and Current Events Meets Scheduled

Meetings of the bridge and current events section are on the calendar for the Woman's club next week. The bridge section will meet Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Pine Inn, with Mrs. John Jordan, chairman, and the current events section will meet Wednesday morning at 10:30 at Pine Inn. The chairman, Mrs. Lawrence M. Knox, will discuss Germany since the world war, with particular reference to the new book, "Hitler Over Russia", by Ernest Henri.

First Spring Lamb of the Season . . .

NOW OBTAINABLE

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MARKET DEL MAR MEAT DEPARTMENT

Dolores St., between 7th and 8th Carmel Phone 838

A G-R-A-N-D FEELING

When the journey's almost finished

With only a mile to go

And the heart goes racing forward

To the hearthfire's welcome glow

The traveler knows that, truly,

While it's fun to drift and roam

The best part of the journey

Is the joy of getting HOME.

A good hot bath, a change from travel-stained garments to clean, pressed clothes. The memories of joyous yesterdays, the promise of tomorrows, and best of all . . .
YOU'RE READY TO FACE THE WORLD TODAY!

And it's so easy to have clean, pressed clothes. Phone us, and we'll do the job in a jiffy!

MISSION CLEANERS

Ocean Avenue, opposite Post Office.

Phone 916

VAGABOND'S HOUSE As It Is In Carmel.....By Ronald Johnson



YOU COULD find me sitting here alone in Vagabond's House tonight. Outside the moon is shining on the cypresses by the house and on the breakers of the Pacific, only a few yards away. It is a clear night, and cold, but inside all is warm and comfortable. The sound of the waves as they beat upon the white sand is like the steady roar of distant cannon being borne on the wind.

Here in Vagabond's House, I'm sitting in Don's living room, a place I like to call "Memory Room," not because of the memories it brings back to me, but because of those it must recall to him. Don is out for the evening and I have the house to myself. I have come down here solely for the many ideas the room gives me, and I hope to be able to give those of you who read this a certain insight into Don Blanding through the house in which he lives. I'm only a reporter on The Pine Cone, rather out of place among all these famous

names, but if I can give you a true and clear picture of Don and his house, I will be happy in the thought that maybe I'm not so bad after all.

It's fun to be alone here, as I am tonight. This is a room in which one can not be lonely. It's a room furnished both for work and for rest, and its furnishings make both surprisingly enjoyable. A huge fire is burning in front of me in the huge stone fireplace. Driftwood gathered from the beach just below the house makes the dancing flames take on incredibly beautiful hues. I have drawn my typewriter table up in front of the fire where it is warm and restful. The lights are turned down low, and Memory Room in Vagabond's House is exerting all its strange, somewhat mysterious influence.

Already I see strange lands, far off places, new adventures and old ones recalled. Weird faces, masks, peer at me from the shadows. They aren't pretty faces, but in this warm glow they take on something of a kindly look. Over there by the door is a strange copper

lantern with latticed sides and a little door. That one lamp alone has a most interesting history, and no one has the slightest idea how old it might be. It is surely older than you and I by many a long year. Don came by it in true Blanding style. It was a present from a young Captain Mesherry, who was stationed in China during the Boxer rebellion. Captain Mesherry, with the true jole de vivre of the very young, was chasing a giant eunuch guard through the courtyard of the Old Buddha, the great Empress of China. The eunuch suddenly asserted himself, and young Captain Mesherry had to turn tail and run as fast as his legs would carry him. As he ran across the ancient courtyard, he saw the lantern. Not wasting even a precious second, he leaped high in the air and came down with the lantern clutched tightly in his arms. Years later he gave his trophy to Don, and now it hangs in good company in Vagabond's House.

The room itself is all that one could want. A low ceiling, beautiful redwood walls, small alcoves, many easy chairs, windows opening onto

the ocean, books galore, two comfortable couches and, dominating all, the beautiful fireplace. It is seldom that there is not a fire here, and the slightest excuse will send someone running for wood and kindling. When the day is done and the night begins to turn cold, or when the cool fog drifts in over the Pacific, the fireplace lights up the room in a most satisfying way, and one feels capable of writing of adventure without having been anywhere at all.

Everywhere you look in the room you see fishes. Not the live ones, but those made of glass, porcelain, jade, copper, wood and bronze. Don has a superstition about them, and well he might, for they have brought him luck all through his life. You know of course, that he started out as an artist, and many are the little fishes he has painted. No small number of them are on the walls

of bathrooms of famous people, and numerous are the ladies of New York who take far more baths than they are wont for the privilege of cavorting in the tub with gay little humuhumunukunukuapuaa and kihi-kihi painted by Don Blanding. Even painting like that does its bit in a none too clean world.

Over in the corner of a little alcove is a curious wooden bowl known as a kava bowl. The bowl and its sixteen legs are carved from one piece of wood, and the whole thing is a work of art. It came from Tahiti, and was the present of an island chief, whose punch bowl it was. The kava—native liquor—brewed in it has shown its potency by eating holes in the wood in several places, and you can rest assured that many a grand headache has come out of it.

Hanging just above the kava bowl is the skin of an 18-foot rattlesnake with 14 rattles. Grouped about him many of Don's beloved books, all well thumbed and read over and over again. On each side of the alcove are little masks made of bronze, grinning horribly but amiably at the same time. Hung against the wall is one of his original drawings, with a gaily colored piece of Indian tapestry hung behind it.

On the far wall over there behind me is a lovely square of tapa cloth from Hawaii, a gift of one of Don's Hawaiian friends. Tapa, you know, is made by taking strips of the inner bark of the mulberry tree and pounding them into a pulp which is finally worked into something that looks like heavy paper. It is then dyed in Polynesian designs with dye made from the bark and roots of trees. It is probably one of the most beautiful pieces of tapa ever made, and was given to Don in appreciation of his love for Hawaii.

One of the outstanding objects in Memory Room is a large Globe of the world. It is well finger-marked, and is one of Don's most prized possessions, as it shows all the numerous places he has been and the great number of places he would like to visit.

On tables and low benches all about the room are 50 fantastic puppet figures from the Chinese theater. They are faithful reproductions of characters from old Cathay dramas—the demons, the heroines, the heroes, all the character actors and the gods. To Don they are priceless possessions, as they represent the Orient, his favorite part of the world, which he has roamed for so many years.

Over in the far corner is his drawing board, with a scattered collection of finished and half-finished black-and-white drawings. They are all illustrations for his next book, to be published this autumn. There are full page drawings and small, very small, headpieces. The small drawings represent the roads of the world,



such as tropic roads, desert roads, jungle roads, mountain roads, country roads, the milky way and the primrose path. Don has trod personally all but the last two mentioned. His friends still have hopes.

On the floor are scattered Indian rugs of the brightest hues. Brilliant stripes and zig-zags run a muck among soft colors and delicate pastel shades, and all are woven into the rugs as only Indians can do it. Scattered about on the rugs are many small tables, each with its load of drawings, poems, letters, stories, typewriters, pipes, jars of tobacco, quaint relics of many an adventure, and books—always books.

On a small shelf is a skull—the skull of a young woman. That's all Don knows about it—its just the skull of a young woman, but he can sit by the hour and wonder who and what she was. On the radio is another skull, a skull with a satisfied look on his face. His lower jaw is hinged, and when the huge waves shake the house, he chews contentedly on some invisible piece of chewing gum or a long-lost plug of ghostly tobacco. Don't think for a minute that Don gets any ghoully pleasure out of them. They both look so pleasant and happy that one soon grows to like them tremendously.

Everyone who is acquainted with Don knows that his favorite color is blue. Deep blue, light blue, the blue of stormy seas, the faded blue of old tapestries—all of them he loves, and he surrounds himself with his favorite color until the room takes on a most pleasant look. His explanation of his love for blue is that when he has to live in cities and towns, he has the outdoors indoors. Blue mountains, blue seas, blue skies, blue valleys, blue shadows and the blue of uncluttered places—they really fascinate him.

Well, I've almost finished my assignment, and I hope that I have helped you in some small way to understand Don Blanding. If Don weren't a famous poet, he still would rate a special edition such as this because he is and always will be just the same swell fellow. Don is his house and his house is Don. One can tell all about him by the place in which he lives, the different moods expressed by his beloved possessions, the priceless things from far-away lands, his almost boyish pride in the things in his house. I hope I have helped you to see him as he really is. I give you Don Blanding and Don Blanding's Vagabond's House.

After all, he can say it much better than I, so I'll end with just a bit from one of his most famous poems. You all know it—

"Pewter and bronze and hammered brass,
Old carved wood and gleaming glass,
Candles in polychrome candlesticks,
And peasant lamps in floating wicks,
Dragons in silk on a Mandarin suit
In a chest that is filled with
vagabond-loot.
All of the beautiful useless things
That a vagabond's aimless drifting
brings."

The Condiment Shelf

When I have a house I will
suit myself
And have what I'll call my
"Condiment Shelf",
Filled with all manner of
herbs and spice,
Curry and chutney for meats
and rice,
Pots and bottles of extracts
rare . . .
Onions and garlic will both
be there

And soyo and saffron and savory-goo
And stuff that was bought from an old Hindu
Ginger with syrup in quaint stone jars,
Almonds and figs in tinselled bars,
Astrakhan caviar, highly prized,
And citron and orange peel crystallized,
Anchovy paste and poha jam,
Basil and chili and majoram,
Pickles and cheeses from every land
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Vagabond Poet Lives Full Life

By CHARLES C. LEAVITT
Liberty Magazine Writer and
Carmelite

Unlike many writers, Don Blanding is no mental recluse. He has a rare friendliness—a genius for talking entertainingly and listening well. Years of drifting about the world have so enriched his mind that there is no topic from politics to mysticism which he does not discuss with intelligence and charm. Fun loving, too, he adds immeasurably to the gaiety of any gathering. More than any man I know he lives a full life well.

This vagabond poet looks back with astounding clarity on the past. With a deep, almost fanatical appreciation of the color and beauty he has seen he blends the past with the present to make today more pleasant for himself and those around him.

If you've read his books, from "Leaves From a Grass House" down through "Memory Room", you know Don Blanding. His personality is in his poems. His own words are the best pen pictures of the man.

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AMERICAN PLAN

"The Little Girl Across the Street," Joan Crawford and Don Blanding



Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star and her childhood friend, Don Blanding, famous poet and artist. The sketch Blanding is presenting Miss Crawford was inspired by her costume in "Dancing Lady."

WHEN Don Blanding was a senior in Lawton high school in Oklahoma there was a little girl who lived across the street. She was a leggy youngster with great big eyes, tousled curls and an amount of nervous energy which earned her the nickname "The Humming-bird." She was much too small to earn the notice of a dignified senior so she was just "the little girl across the street named Billie Cassin", although Don used to draw pictures to amuse her sometimes.

One day, on the way home from school, he found the little girl sitting in a pool of blood on the sidewalk crying piteously. She had stepped on a broken bottle and had cut her foot dangerously. He swooped her up and took her to her home . . . and forgot the incident.

A number of years later Don was doing interviews with movie stars for a screen magazine. He was told to see Joan Crawford. In the intervening years he had been in the South Seas and the Orient, so Joan Crawford was just an interesting and promising young movie actress in his mind.

As he entered the room where Miss Crawford waited she looked at him and grinned in a friendly way. "Hello, Don Blanding," she said, "Do you know that you once saved my life?"

Don looked blank. He didn't think he was likely to forget anything as

lively as rescuing one of America's foremost young stars.

"I was little Billie Cassin who lived across the street from you in Lawton."

It was old home week for the two of them for an hour or so while they caught up with the years since the little prairie town had been home for both of them.

So Don wrote the following poem dedicated to Joan Crawford:

THE LITTLE GIRL ACROSS STREET

She was just the little girl who lived across the street,
All legs and curls and great big eyes
and restless dancing feet,
As vivid as a humming bird, as bright
and swift and gay,
A child who played at make-believe
throughout the lifelong day.
With tattered old lace curtains and
a battered feather fan
She swept and preened, an "actress"
with a grubby snub-nosed clan.
Of neighbor kids for audience
enchanted with the play,
A prairie Bernhardt for a while. And
then she went away.
We missed her on the little street,
her laughter and her fun
Until the dull years blurred her name
as years have ever done.

A great premiere in Hollywood . . .
the lights, the crowds, the cars,
The frenzied noise of greeting to the
famous movie stars,
The jewels, the lace, the ermine
coats, the ballyhoo and cries,
The peacock women's promenade, the
bright mascaraed eyes . . .
The swift excited whisper as a limousine
draws near,
"Oh, look! It's Joan. It's Joan. It's
Joan." On every side I hear
The chatter, gossip, envy, sighs, conjecture,
wonder, praise,
As memory races quickly back to
early prairie days.
The little girl across the street . . .
the funny child I knew
Who dared to dream her splendid
dreams . . . and make her
dreams come true.

On Don's studio walls hangs a beautiful picture of Joan Crawford in the role of the Gorgeous Hussy. It is inscribed "To Don Blanding who once saved my life . . . for which I thank him, Joan."

Francois Villon and Don Blanding

By JAMES L. COCKBURN

These vagabonds are curious wanderers in curious corners of the earth. They gather loot where loot is to be gathered; they share crusts where crusts are worth sharing, and there is poetry in their souls.

May I recall to your mind, the king of the vagabond poets, Francois Villon? Francois lived in times different from ours, but as today throughout Vagabondia, he possessed affection, courage, and a gift for poetry. Through these qualities, 'tis said, he rallied the mobs of Paris to the defense of that fair city. Legend relates that his love, courage and poetic genius brought him to the throne of France where he was king for a day.

Here in Carmel for the past half-year, we have been under the spell of another Prince of Vagabonds. He, too, rules through love, courage and poetry. In his Hawaiian "Aloha", his warm affection goes out to all whom he meets. He has had the courage, in a changing world, where compulsion is all toward ruts and little, tight security, to live the life that all of us, in our hearts would like to live; free as the wind. And through his poetry he has helped humdrum thousands to share with him the winds of that freedom. Aloha to you, Don! Long may you reign!

OCEAN FLOOR MAPPED

Captain C. B. Mayo, United States Navy, constructed a relief map of the floor of the Pacific Ocean. He received the cooperation of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography.

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AUTHOR.

THE CARMEL PINE CONE

THELMA MILLER
ROSS MILLER

BONNEY COCKBURN
RANNY COCKBURN

TO A SEALYHAM TERRIER . . .



You are just a small white shaggy heart
With standard dog equipment, tail and legs,
Adoring eyes and ears alert . . . no part
Withheld . . . you give your all . . . a love that begs
To serve, to guard, to die . . . or better . . . live
And blindly worship me until the end.
God made two splendid words, the first one "give"
He thought of dogs and made the other "Friend".
—from "Let Us Dream".

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From a Radio Star

"Father of 10 o'Clock Family Hour" Writes

Mr. Don Blanding,
Carmel, California.

Dear Don: Belated thanks to you for the pleasure you have given me in your new book, "Pictures of Paradise." I'm always glad at your success, however, for ever since the first edition of "Leaves From My Grass House" published 'way back in 1925 in Honolulu you have been riding the crest of the wave.

I wonder if you remember the first few times you came to KNX when we were in our funny little studio "on the Boulevard?" Great days, Don, for us both. The first few lines of the original beloved "Vagabond's House", remember—before you added and subtracted? I still use my first edition over the air, and the same with the last few lines of "Baby Street" too. But 1925 is a long time ago, and I guess the new "Vagabond's House"

is better.

It's been fun through the years watching you "father"—(yes and mother, too) your new children; from modest little paper covered "Leaves" and "Paradise Loot" to "Songs of the Seven Senses", "Let Us Dream", "Hula Moons", and "Memory Room"—to your latest pretentious "Pictures Of Paradise". They've all been healthy, singing children. Incidentally, I hope they have all been grateful, generous children: remind them frequently of your graying locks, children need prodding, you know.

I hope you will join Alice and me soon in front of our fire, there is a chair and a long row of stories waiting you here.

With best wishes to you and your "children"—as ever,

—EDDIE ALBRIGHT
Columbia Broadcaster.

Don Blanding's Books

and any other books in print

may be secured from

THE SEVEN ARTS

Seven Arts Building

Lincoln and Ocean, Carmel.

Met Blanding at Wampus Gathering

BY MAJOR

CHESTER A. SHEPARD

Many moons ago a certain struggling poet was scheduled to give a reading of his meter at a gathering of the "Wampus" in Hollywood. My idea of a minor diversion is to aid and abet the flowering process of a budding poet, (I had once known a French poet with the traditional bow tie, long hair, dreamy eyes and sweet graces so prevalent amongst sorority sisters). I did not attend.

Again the moons pass and I meet the poet; no longer budding, but in the heyday of a success so richly deserved. What a long haired, anaemic and fragile poet this vigorous, lusty, he-man turned out to be.

We become close friends. His "Vagabond House" is the gathering place for a spot of morning "sanka", brewed by this master hand who is even more facile as a chef than as a poet. There, over the innocuous but flowing bowl, he becomes the philosopher; the boulevardier; the sage; the humorist; the raconteur. What a man!

It has been my fortune to have delved into the far corners of this world; to have gone places and seen things; to have known them all, from peon to Prince; but for true sincerity, loyalty and sterling worth of character—let me ask no more of man than the friendship of Don Blanding.

ALMOST SHOWER OF PEARLS

Edward Gourley, of Detroit, bit into an oyster and found a pearl. Further search rewarded him with 54. The gems ranged in size from a pin head to that of a pea. Three of the pearls were black ones.

Don Learns About Soup

Practical Poet Pens Phrases for Pay

By DON BLANDING



POETRY and poultry; verses and vermicelli; jingles and jam; lyrics and lingerie; sonnets and sauerkraut. Incongruous combination? Not to me . . . for two reasons. One; poetry is an ex-

pression of life, and life itself is sawdust as well as star dust, goose-grease as well as gossamer. In singing the songs of the senses there is a place for the fragrance of coffee and bacon in camp of a crisp morning as well as the perfume of gardenias in tropical moonlight, and both are threads for weaving poetry . . . or should I say verses. The second reason is this; my start in writing verses was made through writing advertisements. I had had no idea nor aspiration about writing. I was doing fairly well as an artist and was quite content with that medium of expression.

I was working for the Charles R. Frazier advertising company in Honolulu. My boss, George Mellen, said quite without warning, "we're in a spot. We need a copy writer. You're it until we get someone who can write copy. Give us a daily poem about Aji-No-Moto."

"What in Gosh's name is Aji-No-Moto?" I asked.

"A flavoring powder . . . good in soup and chowder" said George.

So-o-o, I learned about chowder. For two years I had to turn out a daily verse about the merits of Aji-No-Moto. I got to thinking in rhyme. Any world event, any visiting personality, anything in fact was used as material for celebrating the little powder "good in soup and chowder". When Old King Tut was unearthed he gave testimonial to Aji-No-Moto; "Old King Tut and Queen Tut-tut, you were a royal couple, but you never had a tasty chowder made with Aji-No-Moto powder." And so it went. In the meantime by sheer force of habit I was turning out other verses, little word pictures instead of pen-and-ink pictures.

I did assemble a little book, "Leaves from a Grass House." As predicted, it sold. And so I became a, shall we say a verse writer, rather than poet, illustrating my own verses.

When the editors of the Carmel Pine Cone told me they were going to do a special edition turned over

largely to me, I had three distinct major reactions. One, I felt honored, delighted and grateful because it meant that I was regarded as one of the regular Carmelites . . . I like to "belong" to a community while I live in it. Two; I knew it would be fun to work with a newspaper again even if I were not on the staff. Three, I'd have a crack at advertising again, my old love, helping choose excerpts from my verses which might fit local advertisers in exploiting dishes, didies, delectomania or doodads. It has been fun. My sincere mahalo to The Pine Cone.

I had a very interesting experience in combining the aesthetic and the utilitarian. A Japanese carpenter in Honolulu was doing some work on my house. He had a little dingus for chalking a blue line on the floor. It was a ball of twine in a container. At the end of the twine was a spike for holding the twine while he unwound the necessary length which he chalked with blue and then snapped, leaving a clean marked line for his measurements. Did he have merely a metal spool and a nail? Not at all. The container for the twine was a carved dolphin's head with the ball of twine in its mouth. The spike was set in the tail of a little carved minnow. He had carved it himself.

I asked him why he did it. He looked blankly at me, amazed that I should ask such a silly question.

"Pretty-kind more better" he said. There was my answer. Beauty and Utility were sisters, working together.

Therefore if some of my word-pictures can be used to celebrate the worth of anything from jade amulets to garlic salt, from peasant fabrics from Syria to dungarees, it's quite alright with me. The textures of life are delightful whether they be satin or sack; the perfumes are perfumes, and as such, material for verses, whether they be "the honest smell of onions" or the "unforgettable fragrance of white ginger which has the aroma of moonlight if moonlight were fragrant."

Aloha to The Pine Cone and mahalo for the gracious, friendly gesture of giving me a special edition. I feel as though I "belong" now to this delightful village-by-the-sea.

Commercial agencies report that business failures last year were the smallest in 16 years. The failures reported were 9115.

A Picture in Smoke

(from Vagabond's House)



I'll have on a bench a box inlaid
With dragon-plaques of milk-white jade
To hold my own particular brand
Of cigarettes brought from the Pharaoh's land
With a cloisonne bowl on a lizard's skin
To flick my cigarette ashes in.

And a squat blue jar for a certain blend
Of pipe tobacco I used to send
To a quaint old chap I chanced to meet
In his fuzzy shop on a London street.

I don't have to SEND TO LONDON for my tobacco now.

I'll find it at . . .

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Let Us Dream

that we are in
VAGABOND'S HOUSE
listening to
STOWAWAYS in
PARADISE
sing the
SONGS OF THE
SEVEN SENSES
while
HULA MOONS
shine in
through the windows
of
MEMORY ROOM
where
we look at
PICTURES OF
PARADISE
while we wait
to start down
THE REST
OF THE ROAD

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HULA MOONS, Reviewed By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Fanny Heaslip Lea is a novelist and short-story writer. Author of "Anchor Man", "Goodbye Summer", "Half-Angel", etc., etc.

As a gift for either tourist or missionary I cannot recommend "Hula Moons".

The tourist will likely not feel the need of so much detail. The missionary, for approximately the same reason, will beyond question prefer a nice steamship folder.

For other than these two Don Blanding's books should fill any November afternoon with summer and sun, not to say an awed respect for the digestive processes of poets who are also vagabonds. I mean to say that the chapter on Aunt Pinau's luau (Apres-midi-d'un Gourmand) might give an ostrich pause. But having lived in the Islands (not, of course, the only Islands to the world, but always, as the author points out, so designated by those who live there) I know this purple gastronomic patch to be simple truth.

By the fact that the chapter on the Hula brings back the flare of torches on a windy beach, white violets wreathing a brown girl's hair and wrists and ankles, I know that too for verisimilitude—sufficiently akin to poetry to make sensuous reading.

Haleakala, the dead volcano, Kilauea, the living one . . . never let the gentle reader suppose he will see this or that as did the author of this frank and lustful chronicle of joys of Hawaiian flesh and fleshpots!

Blanding has written this book from the inside out—(satiated inside, one might guess, but satiety is after all only the seventh wave of love—or isn't it?) He has met Hawaiians and lived with them, without benefit of camera or microphone. If he is lush, if sometimes his moons and his ylang-ylang flowers cloy the sober sense, amuse the second thought—why, that's Hawaii. He's got the color and smell and feel of it. As Stevenson was too much poet to do—as Jack London was too much sociologist—as I (modestly barging in where angels would remain standing) was too much haole wahine. (Which means, and it's certainly somewhere in Hula Moons, white woman).

This book is the mele (true confession) of a beachcomber, with a better memory than beachcombers are popularly supposed to possess . . . the morning after a party.

Hawaii should be grateful to Don Blanding for a piece of lyrical reporting.

"BUSTING WITH PRIDE"

Mabel B. McLure, librarian of Enid, Oklahoma, writes: "Enid claims Don Blanding and is very proud of his achievements. He once lived here and his mother was one of the founders of this library. So we 'bust with pride' over every honor shown him."

Something of An Event

Says Don Blanding Is No Sideline Stander

By Armine Von Tempski

SOME people can never put on a five-gallon hat and forget that it's a five-gallon hat! Others can never wear a lei and forget it isn't part of them. Of these two crimes Don Blanding has never been guilty. Don loves deserts and islands and doesn't "affect" them.

When a poet is built like a truck driver, has the soul of Pan, a sense of humor about himself and handles words smashingly, it's an event!

I met Don first in 1928. My first book had just gone over the top, Don's first book of poems had just been accepted in New York. Our meeting was amusing! I'd heard of Don and he had heard of me. Don was This . . . and That . . . I was That . . . and This. We were prepared for anything!

When he was announced at a party given for both of us, we eyed each other skeptically and curiously. I'd expected a Keats or Shelly-ish variety of person. Instead there was—Don! In five minutes he had my first, newly-purchased red fox fur twisted around his head and was doing a Daniel Boone effect in a tropical setting!

We did not meet again until three years ago in Hollywood. Two Island-exiles. Since then our friendship has withstood the strain of civilization, tearing each other's work to shreds to make the other fellow rebuild it better, and camping trips under all sorts of circumstances.

Being Island-born I recognize people who are Kama-aina, which is a Hawaiian term for those persons who belong to the land. Don belonged to the Islands before he ever set foot in them and will always belong to them. Hawaii has Don Blanding to thank for Lei Day and for rescuing the hula from the ash-can and restoring it to favor, to say nothing of giving the world his exquisite word-pictures of moods, moments and the physical beauty of the Islands.

I value Don's criticism of my work more than that of any other living person. His criticism is honest and invaluable—because it hasn't always been praise! When I'm with Don

Dear Ross C. Miller:

Enclosed is my tribute to Don for the edition of The Pine Cone which you're slanting for him. I'm more than happy to do it. Behind my light words is an affection which no words can convey! Don will understand if my contribution sounds flippant, that sometimes you have to be that way or you sloop over into sentimentality—which we both despise.

If you're a lamb you'll mail me a copy of your paper about him when it comes out. I hope sometime soon my husband and I can pitch our tent in your gorgeous neck of the woods for a while.

Sincerely and with aloha,
—Armine von Tempski Ball.
Author of Hula, Lava, etc.
Hollywood, Calif.

brewing early morning cups of coffee—while the rest of the world sleeps—life has an extra dimension. Friends declare the coffee we brew and drink together has dynamite in it. After a session of early-morning coffee anything may result from, "Let's leave for Carlsbad in an hour" to some brand-new idea for a story or a poem.

We've chuckled at the absurdities of civilization together, waked up on camping trips cursing, or yipping with the sheer joy of being alive, and gazed in reverent silence at giant redwoods or glacial peaks holding spectacular conferences in the sky. . .

Don's sense of humor, his quick response to beauty and his Rock-of-Gibraltar variety of loyalty makes me sort of swagger when I say to the world—or to myself—"Don Blanding is my friend!"

NO ESCAPE

Godgiven things, though free, suffice,
But any one has to pay for vice!
The goose hangs high! the air is jolly:
But every one has to pay for folly.
—PAUL JANS.

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Spring Is In The Air

Nature celebrates the Spring
With buds and flowers. Birdies sing.
Humans feel the need to fling
The gray of winter moods away
And deck themselves with colors gay.

Let Man and Nature get together
To celebrate the bright spring weather.

The gayest of gay colors in the new spring fabrics.
Festive hats, pretty as spring blossoms.
Feminine fripperies in the mood of the season.

Skinnners Crepes
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Satins or Chiffons in the season's
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Tru-hu Silks - - \$1.95 yd.

Beautiful new designs in these nationally
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Skinnners Silks - \$1.95 yd.
New novelty weaves in a goodly assortment
of colors—you must see these to
appreciate their wonderful
quality!

Belding Crepe Prints
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New Colorful designs that will create a
desire for a new Spring Dress.

A. B. C. DRESS FABRICS

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Two Things I Shall Always Desire, Candles For Light And a Wood Fire

(Let Us Dream)

And I'll want a wood-box, scarred and rough,
For leaves and bark and odorous stuff
Like pitch-pine brands and oak and gums.
To chuck on the flames when winter comes,
When the rain drives by and the ghostly fogs
Make us seek the fire . . . me and my dogs.

(Vagabond's House).

Plaza Fuel Co.

PINE . . . OAK . . . COAL

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Junipero at Sixth

DON BLANDING "DISCOVERED" IN CARMEL..... By Thelma B. Miller



I STILL CLAIM that I "discovered" Don Blanding, in Carmel. It had all the thrill of quite a new discovery, for word hadn't yet got about that he was here — even the Honolulu contingent didn't know it, and he hadn't yet met the hosts of new and old friends who now get under your feet and in your hair in "Vagabond's House". I heard rumors he was here, and with very imperfect directions, set out one day last summer to track him to his lair, fearing he might be one of those celebrities who come here to "hide out", and are sometimes most unwilling to be disturbed by reporters. After knocking at nearly a dozen doors on Carmel

Point, and finding my quarry still elusive, I tried one last door, a little house set well back from the road — the sort of house that looked as if it might harbor a poet. Just inside the open door lounged a chap who, I was sure, could not be Don Blanding, because he had been in our office, getting job printing done or something — just one of the customers, in whom no one was particularly interested. However — I asked him if he had any idea where Don Blanding was staying, and to my joy and surprise, he answered, "I'm Don Blanding".

That was the beginning of a friendship, and one I prize. I like Don, because there is no pretense about him. He is a poet, with all a poet's delight in the elementals; Beauty, and simple good things, and Truth. But he is also a grand good scout; his fame rests so lightly on his shoulders that it imposes no barriers to easy-going friendship. So he's just "Don" to us, one of the gang, and it is only when I sit and listen to him spin yarns that I realize afresh that he is a man whose name and verses are known throughout the world. For he is one of the most entrancing talkers I've ever listened to; with a gift for vivid, descriptive phrase; the exact, right word to express the shade of meaning he wants. His beautiful, expressive speech is an accurate reflection of a rich and varied nature; of a human warmth that makes him love to talk to people and share with them all manner of gay inconsequential adventures, as well as the big, exciting ones.

So for an "interview" with Don, not the easiest thing in the world, when you know someone so well, and yet not so hard, either, because I've heard so many people ask him questions, and I know the ones for which he has grand answers! So here's for an interview with our vagabond poet, "expressed in terms of Q. and A."

Q.—What do you find the most satisfactory thing about being a

well-known poet, or verse-writer, as you insist on being called?

A.—Well, I'm not above the lure of royalties. They're very useful. But the nicest thing is the mail that comes in. The most amazing variety of letters. People respond to poetry in such different ways. One dear soul who liked my condiment shelf in Vagabond's House sends me a box once a month. The box is filled with cookies, cakes and candies. She says that baking is her only "creative" outlet and she wants to repay the pleasure she found in seeing her spices, condiments and cookies praised in verse. She has never missed sending the monthly box in two years. That's what I call practical appreciation. Another letter will be a plea from a youngster, "How can I be a vagabond and go far places as you have?" My answer to that is that the young person should cultivate a "traveling graft", that is, some trade or skill which is marketable in all parts of the world. If he can become a good electrician, automobile mechanic, newspaper man, carpenter or plumber . . . anything which has a market in the cities of the world will help along the way. These days when half the world is unemployed there are darned few handouts. When I started barging around the world things were better. Any husky youngster could get by well. Sometimes I'd paint fences or barns when I couldn't get portraits to paint. I wrangled baggage, dug ditches, staged plays, wrote ads, in fact I did almost anything that would take me traveling and keep me moderately well fed.

Many of the letters are inquiries about how I happened to express in words some experience which the writer thought was unique to himself.

Q.—Do more women than men write to you?

A.—No, it's about half-and-half. And that pleases me. Men are less inclined to write but when they do you can know they have been deeply moved. One letter may be from a man in Alberta, Canada, wanting permission to name his log house "Vagabond's House". Another may be on crested stationary commenting on some phrase or a few lines . . . just a gracious note. I am especially happy when someone likes some particular lines which I enjoyed doing but which are not usually commented upon. Like "mint, myrrh, magnolia, cinnamon and cloves". That line I wrote to make the reader do with his lips and tongue the same movements he would make in tasting a spiced liqueur. Try it, saying the phrase slowly. See how you really taste the words. My most treasured letter is the one from South Africa from a British Army officer, the letter I used in "Response" in Vagabond's House. It was so soiled and torn that I marvel that it reached me. I traced it and found that it had come by runner, by train, by steamer, by train again, then by steamer, until it reached me in Honolulu.

Q.—Do you get uncomplimentary letters?

A.—Sometimes. I had one from a woman berating me because her husband read Vagabond's House and started for Hawaii . . . without taking her along. I didn't feel guilty because, judging by her letter, he was simply anxious to get away from where he was rather than desirous of chasing rainbows in Hawaii.

Q.—Do you always answer these letters?

A.—I have never intentionally failed to answer these letters. I value them highly. They give me such revealing slants on what ideas reach people. The praise of critics is sweet to an author, but after all, it's the people who read the books who count most. I have some fine friendships carrying over ten years. I've never met the writers except through our letters but the friendship is very real and satisfying. Many people who are inarticulate in conversation can

really let themselves go in letters. I keep the most interesting letters in my file to reread on gray days when my faith in myself is low and I need a blood-transfusion of courage.

Q.—Which of your poems do people like best?

A.—Vagabond's House. In that, quite without any planning or thought, I apparently struck a "natural". Everyone has the desire to roam and almost every normal person has a deep wish for a home built to his heart's desire. I build mine with words. Many of those who write me will be able to do only that, too. However, I find that my "color" poems please readers. They are the poems that play with color, relating it to memories, emotions, scenes and wish fancies.

Q.—You must enjoy illustrating your own verses.

A.—I don't. That is, I don't illustrate my own verses because I really verify my illustrations. I was an artist first and a writer afterwards, so I think first in the terms of the pictures. By the time I've finished drawing all the detail of the illustration I've usually crystallized my word-pictures. I really enjoy doing

the drawings more than I do the writing. However it's fun to be able to do both. I may not have the best illustrations in the world but I know that they express what I intended which so often is not the case when an artist is hired by the publisher to illustrate an author's works.

Q.—Do you think that poets and artists are happier than other people?

A.—I think that they are both the happiest and unhappiest of people. Their sensitive response to beauty makes them vulnerable to the reverse of life. They are as acutely tuned to the vibrations of pain and ugliness and sorrow as they are to beauty and joy ecstasy. But they are fortunate in that they are articulate. In the expressing of their sorrows they alleviate them; in the expressing of their joys they share them . . . and that is a joyous experience.

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Tells Reactions of Book Buyers

By BOB SPENCER

Part of the fun of being a shop keeper comes from the contact with the different types of customers and catching their reactions to the things we offer them.

Some like the warm glow of copper ware while others like the modern lines of chrome. Customers interested in Don Blanding's books give us a most varied group of reactions—some buy "Vagabond's House" for its picture of that house of contentment that we hope to have some day; the lovers of color exclaim over "Songs of the Seven Senses"; the fireside travelers find "Let Us Dream" to their liking, while "Memory Room" brings to mind the treasures of experiences and possessions.

Whether the book be of verse or prose, Don Blanding's things appeal to men for their readability, to youth for their vision, to maturity for their beauty of thought and illustrations and to the elder readers for their songs of loveliness. Catching these reactions is part of our gain in making the sale.

Subscribe to The Carmel Pine Cone, \$2 a year.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT SAYS:

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, noted author, pens these lines: "I do not know how to thank you for the Don Blanding 'Messenger'... It is beautiful beyond anything that I can express. Nothing that I ever read, I think, touched me quite so deeply. Please express my deep appreciation to Don Blanding the next time you see him and say that more than ever now I am looking forward to meeting him some happy day." And here is the poem:

MESSANGER

REDWOOD HIGHWAY

*A God seemed too remote for me to find
With prayer and incense vaguely lost in space.
I longed to touch the Feet, to see the Face
Where glory, strength and kindness combined.
I knew the eyes of images were blind.
My tears could never move the frozen grace
Of marble saints nor could my grief displace
The carved smile a sculptor's hand designed.
At last I found a messenger to trust,
An earthly demi-god as old in life.
As all remembered time, wound-scarred by strife
To span the space between the sky and clod
Through this, a mighty redwood's upward thrust,
I sent my heart where it might speak with God.*

—DON BLANDING.

Show Days In Honolulu

Writing Ditties for Junior League Follies

By Ruth Anderson Winslow

AN ordinary scene—just a family dinner consisting of my mother, brother, his charming wife, my husband, myself, and—Don Blanding.

After dinner a peaceful family scene is changed into something like this. Don at a table, with masses of paper and pencils, writing out lyrics—my brother, who will be referred to as Andy after this, at the piano—the rest of us silent, until suddenly Don says, "Here Andy, make a tune for this"—Andy twiddles a few notes, and then you are conscious of a melody being born. It's wonderful—a song has been composed—we are all delighted—Andy then calls Paul (my husband) and says, "Listen carefully and learn this so I won't have to write it"—which Paul does. The amusing ditties are handed out to me to learn with Paul, the lovely, lyrical, beautiful things are given to Peggy, Andy's lovely, lyrical, beautiful wife who studied singing with Dame Nellie Melba. And so the music for the Junior League Follies is made.

The scene changes. A work room in the Y. W. C. A. building. —Dozens of puzzled looking Junior League's milling around saying, "What shall I do now Don?"—and Don Blanding, with his coat off, a flower lei around his neck, beads of perspiration on his brow, and a desperate look on his face, will fling some material at the bewildered one and say, "Make a fish costume out of this to look like that", exhibiting a beautifully colored poster of a lovely Mahimahi fish—And so the costumes are made.

Another scene—Don, painting unbelievably beautiful scenery—or gay colored posters for publicity—or directing a dance chorus or coaching Paul and myself with a number called "Romance and Reality", about which I will tell you more later. In other words Don is the producer, director, designer, originator, bulldozer upper and tearer downer—The Maestro himself, although in those days most of us thought of him as the slave driver.

Another scene.—It is the opening night. Everyone is on his toes with excitement! Several large numbers have gone on with great success. The house is packed.—Finally after what has seemed years to us, my husband and I are shoved on the stage for one of our "filler in" numbers, while the next chorus is changing costumes. The number is called "Romance and Reality" The scene is just the stage, a back drop, a grand piano, and two thoroughly timid and frightened performers—one of them, (myself) standing in the curved side of the piano leaning on it for support. I am chewing gum rapidly as I have been told it clears the voice. The curtain is rising and has about

cleared my knees when I realize the gum must be disposed of. The piano receives it. I look over my shoulder and see my husband, who should have been sitting at the piano, just emerging from the wings with a face as white as paper. I learned later that his pallor was caused by a 300-pound sand bag (one of the curtain weights) dropping from the ceiling and missing him by a hair as he was about to make his entrance on the stage. I beckon to him to hurry to his place at the piano as the curtain is about up to my neck by now, and, like the ostrich, I feel we are invisible as long as our heads are not exposed. The curtain is up.—There is a flutter of applause from some of our more devoted friends, which I acknowledge stiffly. The muscles of my face feel very rigid and my knees feel like macaroni.—I nod brightly to my husband, who strikes a few chords, still looking pale, and I sing the first verse of Romance. Then it is his turn to sing Reality.—I do a few pitifully amateurish dance steps and wait for my husband's verse. It doesn't come. I look at him and he wags his head sadly. He's either forgotten or he can't utter! So I brightly go into his verse, making no sense at all—I then do my next verse of Romance and as his turn comes again I am relieved to hear a deep bass voice boom out "Reality"—Our number is over—we take our bow and go off stage. The applause sounds simply tremendous to me (it was probably mostly music) so I dash out to take another bow—I have been told that if the applause warrants it we are to do an encore—so I am again waiting for my husband to arrive at the piano.—I turn toward him with my teeth bared in what is supposed to be a smile and see his eyes turned heavenward as though in prayer. I look up also and there six inches above my head is several thousand pounds of steel curtain descending in a determined manner. My exit is electrical—faster than Major Bowes gong or the old fashioned hook—yes, those were the days of steel curtains, sand bags, reality and Don Blanding.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS:

The editors of The Pine Cone permitted me to see some of the copy for this edition in advance. I feel very humble, very grateful and a little bewildered by the generous friendliness of the contributors. It is sweet to sniff the fragrance of one's bouquets while still alive. I want to use two Hawaiian expressions to speak my appreciation.

To all of you, Aloha, my sincerest love, and Mahalo nui oe, my deepest gratefulness.

... DON BLANDING.

BERTHOLD MOTOR COMPANY
CARMEL AND MONTEREY CALIFORNIA

"Sunlight In His Brain"

Built Like Truck Driver and Has Soul of a Pan

By ISABEL ST. G. VANDERHOEF

Feature Writer, Now Residing in Carmel

WAS it Sorolla's glowing canvasses that inspired James Huneker, the art critic, to write "he was born with a ray of sunlight in his brain?" My memory does not confirm the name but I do know that the phrase has a happy significance for Don Blanding. The vitalizing warmth of the sun is evidenced in much that he writes and in the gracious, kindly things that he does. Not for him the dark, cryptic symbols; the tortuous, abstruse phrases which only the initiates can clarify. Let others wrestle with the eternal verities in the security of their ivory towers. For him life is reduced to its simplest elements and he has evolved a wise and kindly philosophy born of a knowledge of humanity and sympathy for its frailties.

For Don is no spectator of life, relegated to the neutrality of the sidelines. A keen brain, avid for knowledge, and a pair of restless feet have carried him from one experience to another and he has viewed with pitying tenderness, the degradation to which the human spirit can descend, or paid reverent tribute to the ineffable beauty of the human soul. These, expressed in simple terms, have brought him the homage of his readers and made him one of the most beloved poets of his day.

But my tribute is to the man, not the poet. I had been tied to his chariot wheels for years before I ever read a line of his. At our first meeting I quickly sensed the gentle and dignified quality of his mind and although I saw him but several times during a New York interlude, I became increasingly aware of a glowing quality in him that radiated happiness. Was it the sun-lit ray that nestled in his brain? I do not know for I could risk no reference to it. A low, delightful chuckle would have been the answer for Don could not take himself seriously and I well knew his sense of humor. I found myself wondering, in those days, if he were aware of the tremendous success he had achieved with his art exhibitions. Certainly the adulation of the crowd and the praise of the critics must have had a certain value but any reference to the subject brought only a courteous acknowledgment. I spoke of his protégé, a young orphan, whose innate sense of beauty Don had so patiently developed, and his face glowed with pride. A torrent of words followed. Endless praise for this unknown lad, his merits, his ambitions, a sketch

DON BLANDING

A man with the God-given gift of enjoyment which enables him to see the beauties of Nature—and weave them into words and pictures that others may enjoy. His books are among my treasures.

—ELIJA LONDON SHEPARD.

Jack London Ranch,
Glen Ellen, Calif.

the pages of Vagabond's House; grateful thanks to the woman whose maternal interest was expressed in boxes of luscious cakes that arrived with amazing regularity. A gentle admonition to the girl who was seeking to escape from a stultifying environment. Encouragement for the young man who was writing his first verse, which the author would find enclosed.

The keys clicked on until dusk descended. While he talked I searched for any change that might have marred the essential qualities that made him so lovable. Life does such queer things to humans, I thought, desperately, and even if he has changed—But no, he was the same Don Blanding; kindly, gentle and wise. And there too, was that indefinable glow, that sun-lit ray that communicated its warmth to me and made me proud to be his friend.

MAN'S BEST FRIENDS . . .

(Vagabond's House)

*There'll be driftwood powder to burn on logs
And a shaggy rug for a couple of dogs,
Boreas, winner of prize and cup,
And Micky, a lovable gutter-pup.
Thoroughbreds, both of them, right from the
start,
One by breeding, the other by heart.*

*There are times when only a dog will do
For a friend . . . when you're beaten, sick and blue
And the world's all wrong, for he won't care
If you break and cry, or grouch and swear,
For he'll let you know as he licks your hand
That he's downright sorry . . . and understands.*

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Scouts Preparing for Annual Circus

Under the direction of Byington Ford, Boy Scouts of Carmel are working on "Event No. 8" in the program of the big second annual Monterey Bay Area Boy Scout circus to be held in Salinas armory Saturday night, April 3. Theme of the program will be "The Scout Trail to Citizenship", which will follow a prologue showing an Indian background: a tribal chief seated with his young warriors around a council fire, and his vision of the future youth of America. Culmination is a dramatic induction into citizenship by a four-year trained Scout.

The local contingent will dramatize situations where parts of the Scout uniform can be used, including a "breaches tug-of-war".

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Weaver of Peoria, Illinois, have left after spending the week-end at Robles Del Rio. They are on a tour of California.

Surprising Mrs. Sapero

Has Unusually Fine Soprano Voice

THOSE who have heard Mrs. Kalmen Y. Sapero's soprano voice, high, clear and true, rising above the other sopranos in the Bach festival chorus have suspected that she had an exceptionally good voice, and this suspicion was confirmed when Mrs. Sapero made her first solo appearance at a concert arranged by Edward C. Hopkins and sponsored by the Musical Art club at the Presbyterian church in Monterey Tuesday evening. So far as has been disclosed in public recitals, Mrs. Sapero has the finest soprano voice on the peninsula; her tone production is effortless, breath well under control, and she has a notable variety of tonal color. Accurate pitch and a wide range are hers, whether naturally or the result of training, and the timbre of the voice itself is a delight to the ear, with qualities both lyric and

dramatic. Mrs. Sapero has not yet the confidence bespeaking frequent appearance on the concert platform, but she should be encouraged, yes, urged, to sing often, because she has the fine a voice to be relegated to choral work only.

Mr. Hopkins arranged an interesting program of church music for his concert, playing a number of solos, including two of his own compositions, presenting Edward F. George, tenor soloist, as well as Mrs. Sapero; the church choir, a trio consisting of the three young Drapers, Margaret, Elizabeth and John, and Miss Dorothy Mack at the organ.

Recent guests at Robles Del Rio were Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Nolan of San Francisco, who came down to spend the week-end here.

U. S. Head of Art Projects Visits Carmel

Holger Cahill, head of the WPA Federal Art Project for the whole United States, paid a flying visit to Carmel, Burton Boundey and the local Art Project headquarters this week. He was accompanied by Joe Danysh, regional advisor. Mr. Cahill's whole west coast trip was covered in just a few days, and included a dinner in San Francisco last week-end, when he met the various California executives. Mr. Boundey, the local director, attended the affair.

Sea Scouts Hosts at Formal Dance

Carmel Sea Scouts entertained Friday night at a formal dance, given at the American Legion hall, inviting as their guests a number of Carmel girls and students at Douglas school.

Carmel girls invited to the affair were Sue Chapman, Mary Jane Dawson and Dorothea Dawson. From Douglas school came June McCurdy, Thomasina Mix, Roe Marie Mattimore, Louise Young, Nancy Abrahams, Frances Topping and Trudie Braemer. Carmel boys who are not Sea Scouts invited were Robert Howard, Edgar Leslie, Joe McEldowney, Emerie La Velle, Ted Yates, Jerry Neikirk, Fred McIndoe and George Wishart.

Sea Scout hosts at the dance were Pearson Menoher, John Clague, Markham Johnston, Freer Gottfried, Adlington Cady and Bill Chapman. Don Crowell of the Monterey Sea Scouts was also a guest. The skipper and first mate of the Carmel troop, Commander M. J. Peterson and W. B. Parker, Jr., were present with Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Parker to act as chaperons.

Scout Activities Reported at Meet

The monthly meeting of Carmel district Boy Scout committee was held Wednesday at Normandy Inn, with Herbert Brownell, chairman, presiding. Events to come were announced and recent activities were reported. To make plans for the next court of honor and summer camping, a meeting of Scouters will be held next Monday evening at the Boy Scout house. H. S. Crossman announced that the first Scout training course will be given the evening of March 18.

Joining the district committee for the first time were Capt. J. Shelburn Robison and Major W. E. Kneass, new members of the cub committee. Jack Canoles was appointed chairman of the organization and training committee, and Walter Gaddum reported that Scout finances are in satisfactory condition.

Unusual Films on Filmarte Bill

Two unusual films make up this week's bill at the Filmarte. The first, which plays Friday and Saturday, is H. G. Wells' amusing comedy, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles", a story of a mousey little man, who turned into a man of might and miracles. Roland Young, who is remembered for his fine performances in "One Rainy Afternoon" and "Rugles of Red Gap", plays the role of George McWhirter Fotheringay, the recipient of the miracle producing powers.

Starting Sunday, for four days, is "Men Are Not Gods", Miriam Hopkins' latest picture, which only last week finished a week's engagement at the United Artists theater in San Francisco. This smart modern comedy which presents a new variation on the triangle theme tells the story of a stenographer who made an actor she had never seen famous and then fell in love with him and faced the problem of taking him away from the woman to whom he belonged.

Scouts Initiate, Get Merit Badge

The regular monthly meeting of Carmel American Legion Post 512, held Monday night at the Legion hall, was livened by the presence of Boy Scout Troop 86, the Carmel troop sponsored by the Legion. Following a short address by Herman S. Crossman, the scouts took over the meeting, holding an initiation ceremony and presenting merit badges.

New Scouts initiated into the troop were: DeWitt Appleton, Donald Morton, DeVoe Briggs, Jimmy Kelsey and Arthur Jones. Two new members unable to be present were El Swensen and Ray Woolsey.

Following initiation ceremonies, merit badges were awarded several Scouts. Jack Coates led the list with four badges and the honor of becoming a Life Scout. Pat Crichton was made an assistant scoutmaster, and helped Otto W. Bardarson present the badges. Jack Pelton received two badges and Bill Morrison was made a second-class scout. Another merit badge was awarded Edgar Leslie.

Fresh Ranch Products To Be Their Stock

Next Wednesday will mark the opening by Mr. and Mrs. M. Barbier of their new Sun-Deck Poultry Market in the Sun-Deck building on Seventh street, between San Carlos and Dolores. Mr. and Mrs. Barbier are from Marina, where they own and manage a modern poultry farm. They plan to bring fresh eggs and poultry over to their store each morning to assure their customers of the best. The Sun-Deck building is directly opposite the Railway Express office.

THE END OF THE SEARCH

(Song of the Seven Senses)

*I saw the place and my heart beat fast
I had found the perfect spot at last
I could see the house, I could see the door,
I could see the roof, the walls and floor,
I could see the smoke from the burning logs
In the fireplace. I could see my dogs.
I could trace the path from the house to the spring,
I could see it all except one thing...
The money I'd need to buy the land
And build the house, for, you understand,
That drifter's gold is a priceless thing
But it's not the gold that'll ever bring
A single sou in the marts of trade...
So I saw my long-held vision fade.*

Such treasured dreams as these need not fade...

It is our pleasure and purpose to aid you in realizing your visions...

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NEEDLES



LOCALS

It is not an easy thing for a woman of Carrie Chapman Catt's fame to remain in seclusion, no matter how much she may wish it. Her visit here with Mrs. Elsie Lincoln Benedict in Carmel Highlands, from Thursday to Tuesday, was a "quiet" one, though for most of us it would pass for a rather dizzy whirl. But many additional engagements were proposed for her, in addition to a luncheon given by Mrs. Benedict, a dinner and reception given by Miss Ada Howe Kent and Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick. The League of Women Voters was particularly anxious to entertain her, and there were numerous other invitations which had to be declined both because of the brevity of her visit and in order not to put too heavy demands on her strength.

Mrs. Benedict gave a luncheon Friday noon at Peter Pan Lodge for Mrs. Catt and her traveling companions: Mrs. Joel Sayre, mother of Joel Sayre, RKO's top-notch writer, who created the dialogue for such pictures as "Road to Glory", "Parole", "Annie Oakley" and "His Family Tree", to mention a few; Eleanor Garrison, of the famed liberal family; and Alda Wilson, Mrs. Catt's secretary and companion. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. W. F. Kilpatrick, Miss Ada Howe Kent and Mrs. Ross C. Miller. Mrs. Catt and Miss Wilson live at New Rochelle, when they are not traveling. Mrs. Sayre and Miss Garrison have a photographic studio on Cape Cod, being particularly expert with children. They, too, travel a great deal,

and have been spending winters in California for several years, with headquarters at the Sayre home in Hollywood. They usually come to Carmel when on the coast.

Mrs. Catt, her hostess and traveling companions, were guests at a dinner given Saturday evening at the Kent-Kilpatrick home. This was followed by a reception to which about 100 were invited. Mrs. Catt, Mrs. Sayre and Miss Garrison were in the receiving line, and Mrs. Catt was the continual center of an eager group. In order that her wise words might reach the whole throng, she was requested to make an impromptu speech. With no warning or advance preparation, she rose to the occasion and delivered a ringing oration on world peace.

An optimist in a generally pessimistic world, Mrs. Catt declared her belief, founded on years of study, (for peace has been her major interest since woman suffrage was achieved), that there will not be another world war in this generation.

"Peace sentiment is attaining its objective", she declared. "Five years after the last war, the world was sure that one group of nations was about to plunge the world into conflict again. The crisis passed. Why? Because peace sentiment was too strong. Another five years passed, and again there was a crisis, involving different nations this time. But again the tension passed without war. For every individual who believed in peace before the last war, there are today 10 men and women who not only believe in peace but will fight for it. There is too much goodness, greatness and common sense in human nature now for world war again to darken the horizon."

Many of the guests had the opportunity for a few moments' personal chat with Mrs. Catt, and refreshments were served. Tuesday morning Mrs. Catt and her party left the Highlands to return to Hollywood, and will shortly be departing for their homes in the east.

Mrs. Laura Levering of Greenwich, Conn., Mrs. Peter Levering of San Francisco and Miss Florence Short of Hollywood are stopping several days at La Ribera, visiting friends and enjoying the beauties of Carmel. Mrs. Laura Levering introduced Don Blasing to the art world of New York in 1928.

Word comes from Rhys and Lucita Williams, now staying at Rancho Matilija, in Ojai, that they expect to be in Carmel for the Easter holidays. Likewise, that Rhys has changed the name of his forthcoming book, from "Twenty Years of the Soviets", to "The Soviets."

During the past week Mrs. W. B. Albertson of E. from Fields has entertained her mother, Mrs. Eli King and her sister, Mrs. G. G. Clark, both of Palo Alto.

Mrs. Emil Frahn has arrived from her home in New York City for an indefinite visit with her sister, Mrs. William Francis Halyard, in her Carmel home.

Miss Lorna Plump has taken a house on Camino Real for a year.

A recent visitor at Carmel Inn was Dr. K. H. Andersen, who is now a junior research associate at Stanford after taking his doctorate in Berlin.

Mrs. Ima Taylor Hart of San Francisco joined her husband, James Hart, in Carmel last week-end. He has the cottage "Rumble Seat" in the Eighty Acres. Mrs. Hart brought greetings from Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Bateman, now in San Diego, and Mrs. Bernice G. Copland of Los Angeles, all of whom have friends in Carmel.

Mrs. Ralph West left this week for her home in Omaha, after spending a month in her home on Carmelo. She and Dr. West plan to return to Carmel in June.

At a Sunday night tea in the patio of Mrs. Grace Douglas' home, prepared and served by the girls of Douglas school, the following were guests: Mrs. Dorothy Bell and her daughter Dorothy, Mary Elizabeth Hinds and Florence Hinds, Stanford students, and their house guest, Miss Jean Wilder, also of Stanford, Miss Betty Pratt of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Jenkins, their daughter, Barbara, their niece, Mary Snyder, and the latter's mother, Mrs. D. W. Snyder.

Sunday was Ann Millis' birthday, and she celebrated the event fittingly Friday night, with a dancing party to which the very young set was invited. There was a three-piece orchestra, party refreshments, and everyone had a marvelous time. The party was at the Millis home on San Antonio. The guests were: Babette De Moe, Natalie Hatton, Alice Vidoroni, Marilyn Strasburger, Harriet Hatton, Jacqueline Klein, Emma Ann Wishart, Dorothy Nash, Ann Whitman, Joan Warren, Marion Ohm, Adelaine McDonogh, Mary Jane Uz-zell, Jean McLaughlin, Patsy Shephard, Gerry Shephard, Jane Millis; Warren Johnston, Arthur Strasburger, Colden Whitman, Jimmy Thorburn, Donald Morton, Spencer Kern, Peter Elliott, Monty Stearns, Irving Parker, Orval Jones, Dick Williams, Bill Coffin, Gerald Ray, Hugh Dormody, Harold Johnson, Robert Gargiulo, Max Hagemeyer and Donald Berry.

Miss Dorothy Ledyard of Peter Pan Lodge is in Southern California on a vacation trip.

Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, director of Douglas schools, is in Los Angeles this week, attending the 37th semi-annual meeting of the Head Mistresses' Association of the Pacific Coast, organization limited to headmistresses of private accredited schools.

Miss Edith Griffin is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Scott, in Burlingame for a fortnight. While away from her Carmel home she expects to attend the performance of Hamlet in San Francisco as well as other shows. She was a member of the cast which presented "The Fool" here recently.

Captain and Mrs. E. M. Aten have just arrived from St. Augustine, Fla., for a year's stay in Carmel and are located in the Sanborn cottage on San Antonio street.

Mrs. W. G. Nette has returned to Berkeley after spending a week at Carmel Inn.

Mrs. Zeta McIntosh of Montezuma school at Los Gatos, was a week-end guest of Eunice Gray.

Mrs. Lawrence M. Knox gave a small luncheon at her home on La Loma Terrace Monday noon, for Mrs. Katharine Crofton Cebrian, who afterwards was the speaker for the monthly program of the Woman's club. Other guests of Mrs. Knox were: Mrs. H. N. Yates, Mrs. J. H. Gratiot, Mrs. W. M. O'Donnell and Mrs. Ross C. Miller.

Staying in the Wills cottage on Dolores, at least until June and maybe forever, is R. G. Seymour, newspaper man, known to the fraternity from coast to coast. He has worked in New York and Chicago, for 20 years on the Denver Post, and most recently as head of the copy desk on the San Francisco Chronicle, until his health broke down several months ago. He's building up fine in Carmel.

Lulise Rainer, the rising young star ("The Great Ziegfeld", "The Good Earth") and her brand new husband, Clifford Odets, the playwright, stopped in Carmel to do the shops last week-end, enroute from somewhere to somewhere else.



FILMARTE



Fri.-Sat.

Mar. 5-6

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Mar. 7-8-9

ROLAND YOUNG

**"Man Who Could
Work Miracles"**

Comedy - Fantasy

MIRIAM HOPKINS

**Men Are Not
Gods"**

(Expect the unusual from Producer Alexander Korda)

RESTLESS FEET

Restless feet . . . you've carried me far.

Restless feet . . . you've brought me through.

Restless feet . . . you've been good to me.

Feet . . . I'm going to be good to you.

The Best Shoes are none too good for your Restless Feet!

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Next to Postoffice CUT RATE DRUGS Carmel

THE BLUE BIRD

... and ...

Golden Bough Room

MABEL C. SAMPSON

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Get Ready for Spring Cleaning

SEND US NOW

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PILLOWS

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WASH RAGS

Pillows
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The latest inventions
The newest devices
Eight different services
Eight different prices.

A service for bachelors
For maids and for matrons
Our service is fashioned
To serve all our patrons.

Grove Laundry

Phone Four Ate Oh One
PACIFIC GROVE

Society * PINE NEEDLES * Locals

Newly arrived in Carmel to reside are Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor, who came here from Yosemite as the end of the winter sports season was in sight. Mr. Taylor is an international skating champion, a member of the American Olympics team in 1932, and expects to go to the Olympic in Japan in 1940. He was selected as a team member in 1936, but was unable to make the trip to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond G. Smith are leaving this week to spend a month in Los Angeles, and Mrs. J. M. Albee gave a farewell luncheon for them Monday noon. Her other guests were Mr. and Mrs. John L. Fitch and Mrs. Howard G. Clark.

Bette Hyde is planning to go back to New York most any day now, or perhaps she will already be gone by the time this appears in print. She will join her mother, Mrs. Fern Hyde, in the east.

John and Nellie Montague have been patiently waiting in Carmel for the snows to melt on their mountain ranch in the Shasta country, and hearing the first wild geese flying north and all that sort of thing, they were expecting to leave this week.

Harold Smith has returned to Carmel after three weeks' trip in the northern part of the state.

Miss Helen McLachlan left Wednesday for two weeks' vacation in Southern California.

City Treasurer and Mrs. Ira D. Taylor celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary and the completion of their new home at Carpenter and Ocean with a cocktail party Sunday. They were assisted in receiving by their daughter, Miss Carmen Gene

Taylor, and Mrs. W. B. Dial of Gilroy. Included among their guests were: Messrs. and Mesdames Ernest Morehouse, Ruel F. King, Robert E. Garrett, George Whitcomb, Ivan Kelsey, Vernon White, Arthur Hilbert, Carl Rasmussen, Joseph Clague Hart Rogers, Walter Nielsen, M. Tarr, J. Balboa, Elmer Douglas, Clark Bruce, Robert Bell, W. W. Rodehaver, Harry Rogers, Alfred Rico, Robert Emmons, Russell Sprague, Herbert McGuckin, Ross Covington, Sid Le Rose, Fred Warren, Vincent Buffo, Orley Holm, Gene Ricketts, Ed Smith, S. Balboa, Frank Bruno, Lee Logan, David Harris, Mrs. Alice Josselyn, Eva Lubens, Eleanor Bryan, Virginia Lee Schulte, Elaine Mann, Winsor Josselyn, Bud Tothammer and Fred Dekker.

A delightful bridge luncheon was given at Robles Del Rio Wednesday by Mrs. Otto Bade of Monterey in honor of Mrs. Isabel Ibsen of Panda, Iowa. The table was decorated tastefully and gaily with yellow acacia and white narcissus. Among the guests invited to honor Mrs. Ibsen were Mrs. Irene Baldwin, Mrs. Helen Piper, Mrs. Susie D. Chakurian, Mrs. E. M. Manuel of Butte, Montana, Mrs. Hilda E. DeBoer of Pollock, South Dakota, Mrs. C. L. Wilder, Mrs. H. B. Koch and Edith Anderson.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Fitch at their home in Carmel Woods were Dr. and Mrs. Frank Bissell of Berkeley, Shephard Porter of Inverness and Hugh F. Smyser of New York.

Here for two month's stay are Mrs. W.B. Brigham and her daughter, Mary, of August, Ga. After their stay here, they will continue on their trip, which will have taken them 11,000 miles by the time they drive home.

Capt. and Mrs. De Witt Blamer did not give a housewarming at their new home on Carmel Sunday, or at least not intentionally. They did invite four friends in for Sunday night supper, but what with friends calling Sunday afternoon and being asked to stay to supper, about 20 finally foregathered at the festive board.

Among Carmelites attending the San Jose performance of Leslie Howard's "Hamlet" Monday night were Mr. and Mrs. Allan Slingsbury Robertson, Miss Rachel Hiller, Miss Clara Hinds, Miss Edna Owings, Dr. Margaret Swigart and Miss Emma Waldvogel.

Mrs. Katherine MacFarlane Howe returned Sunday from Denver where she has been visiting since before the holidays, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. N. B. McCreery, who will remain throughout the summer. Mrs. Mary Root Kern, who has been occupying Pine Boughs, Mrs. Howe's studio, at Eighth and Casanova, will also be here for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Roper of Scenic and Eighth left yesterday to spend several days in Yosemite. They are accompanied by Mrs. Vera Peck Millis and Miss Rachel Hiller.

Mrs. F. W. Clappett has as a guest for a month her sister Mrs. Edmund Dexter of New York City.

Mrs. Howard Marshall has returned after visiting her son in New Haven, Conn., for three months.

MOTHERS DISCUSS CLOTHES

Eighth grade mothers met at Sunset school Wednesday afternoon to discuss clothes and other plans for eighth grade graduation.

Chevrolet Motor Company Announces the Appointment of the ROBLEY CHEVROLET CO.

as Authorized Dealers for the Carmel Territory
with Headquarters at

CARMEL GARAGE

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING CAR OFFERS YOU THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES
IN THE LOW PRICED FIELD

Economical Valve-in-Head 6-cyl. Engine

New All Silent - All Steel Bodies

(with Turret Top — Uni-Steel Construction)

Perfected Hydraulic Brakes

New Diamond Crown Speedline Styling

Improved Gliding Knee-Action Ride

Super-Safe Shockproof Steering

Fisher No-Draft Ventilation

Kewpie Goes Native

Has Anybody Seen Mrs. St. Claire's Cat?

FOR nigh onto three months now we have been hearing play-by-play reports on the strange story of Saidee Van Brower's sister's cat, and we think it is time something was done about it, as Mrs. St. Claire (Saidee's sister) wants to go back to Halcyon, but she doesn't want to go, on the other hand, until her cat makes up his mind whether he wants to accompany her, or would rather stay in Carmel. He's made the round trip to Carmel four times now, or rather, three and a half times, and never before has anything untoward happened. But this time Kewpie (yes, that's really his name) appears to have gone native. When last contacted he was very large, very black, nice and plump, with two white front paws, a white shirt front, a red necktie—oh go on with you, Bill Askew, I knew you'd get me all mixed up when you said that. Strike out the red necktie. The rest of his description, according to Saidee, is a square face like a bull dog and big green eyes. A cat that looks like that ought to be easy to spot. In fact, if you saw him you might either think that you were seeing things, or that he ought to be returned to the people who are used to cats with square faces like bull dogs and red neckties—whoop, there is the Askew suggestion creeping in again.

Well, it seems that Kewpie didn't like the last trip up from Halcyon, just before Christmas. Must have got car sick, or something. He lit out immediately after he landed at Saidee's house, and took to a life in the woods. Saidee's Black Sambo may have had something to do with it. He's a cat, too; also large and black. Words were exchanged. They know Kewpie's all right because—here's the payoff—he has come back three times, and the last time was last Thursday. So they know he's still alive, and apparently eating regularly, or maybe not to regularly, as he has lost his figger. But nary a finger could his mistress lay on him, though until affected by the wild life in Carmel he had always been calm, good natured and affectionate. They think with time and gentling, he may come

back, but meantime: If anyone is feeding him, or sees him around, will they please creep up on him with a butterfly net, or a few kind words, and hold him while they call his mistress, or will they let her know where he customarily hangs out. Here are the statistics. His mistress is Mrs. Lura B. St. Claire; Kewpie is all the family she has, down in Halcyon, and she is staying now with Saidee Van Brower, at Lincoln and Santa Lucia. Or if all this seems too complicated and you think you have seen the cat, just telephone The Pine Cone—2.

Basketball Girls Feast Backwards

Why girls play basketball was divulged in the party which the eighth grade feminine basketballers had Saturday; a game in the afternoon, supper in the school lunch room afterwards, and a scullery session with the losing team of the afternoon playing the title role. Then came games and stunts in the gymnasium, and all in all, it was quite a party, under the wing of Helen Newmark, office secretary, who is also coaching girls' basketball. It was a "backward" supper, by the way. The little wretches ate their dessert first and then worked up to soup or whatever they were supposed to start with. The tables were decorated in red and blue, the school colors, and the place cards had the pictures of the south side of girls going north.

The losers, who washed the dishes, were Alice Vidoroni, Jacqueline Klein, Ann Whitman, Catherine Baggett, Harriet Hatton, Clara May Walls, Elaine McEntire and Joan Warren. The winners, who didn't wash the dishes, were Ann Millis, Madeline McDonogh, Mary Jane Uzzell, Eleanor Hart, Dorothy Nash, Jean McLaughlin, Lillian Ohm, Lucille Finn and Emma Ann Wishart.

This affair was hatched up by the "executive board" of the eighth grade basketball set: Jacqueline Klein, manager; Alice Vidoroni and Dorothy Nash, captains.

PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADS PAY

For Rent

ROOM and garage for rent. Private entrance. Phone 188-R. (tf)

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

In the Superior Court of the State of California In and For the County of Monterey

No. 6001

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of GRACE D. RODGERS, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Grace D. Rodgers, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the clerk of the above-entitled court, or to present them with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executor at the law offices of ROSENDALE & THOMAS, ESQs., 14 Bank of America Building, Salinas, (the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate), in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this notice.

Dated: March 1, 1937.
CHAS. B. ROSENDALE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Grace D. Rodgers, Deceased.
Date of first pub: March 5, 1937.
Date of last pub: April 2, 1937.
ROSENDALE & THOMAS,
Attorneys for Executor.

In the Superior Court of the State of California In and For the County of Monterey

No. 5,988

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH WILLIAM MCPHILLIPS, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will of JOSEPH WILLIAM MCPHILLIPS, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Executor at the law offices of SILAS W. MACK, Old First National Bank Building, 126 Bonifacio Place, in the City of Monterey, same being hereby designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

DATED this 16th day of February, 1937.

IDA MCPHILLIPS,
Executrix as aforesaid.
SILAS W. MACK,
Attorney for said Executrix.
Date of first pub: February 19, 1937
Date of last pub: March 19, 1937.

Subscribe to The Carmel Pine Cone, \$2 a year.

Real Estate

WANT TWO LOTS or 60 feet between Dolores and Scenic and Ocean and Santa Lucia. Cash for right property. Box ABC, Pine Cone. (10)

THIS WEEK'S BARGAINS—2 pairs of lots in pretty wooded section for only \$750 per pair. Finely constructed 2-story stucco home, furnished, on 60 ft. of ground, offered for \$10,575. BOSTICK & WOOD, Ocean and San Carlos. Phone 50.

A REAL BUY—\$3500 for 1 1/4 acres in Pebble Beach—excellent view, near Carmel gate; terms. GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON, Ocean Ave. Phone 940.

Miscellaneous

LOST—Brown purse with gold zipper. Somewhere between Carmel Dairy and Dr. Kehr's office. \$10 reward. Phone Carmel 118 or 1060. (10)

GARDENERS—Do you need any black loam soil? If so, call Carmel 516; \$6 a load, delivered on the Peninsula. (10)

WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER PUPPIES—8 weeks old. One 9 months old. House-broken. Cheap. Phone 96R12, Rt. 1, Box 1195, Salinas, Calif. (10)

ELECTROLUX Cleaner for sale. Demonstrations given in your home, no obligation. Let me show you what the Electrolux will accomplish. Your friends have Electrolux; ask them about it. GEO. L. CHANEY, agent. Phone Carmel 41 or 68, P. O. Box 1684. (tf)

RELIABLE, experienced woman will care for children, afternoons or evenings, while mothers away. Phone Mrs. Bernard, 911-R. (tf)

LOANS—We are now in a position to make loans direct under the National Housing act. No red tape. Homer T. Hayward Lumber Co., Phone Monterey 3219 or call at office at foot of 18th Street, Pacific Grove. (tf)

ATTENTION—Custom-made suits and sport ensembles. Tailored for your own individuality. 16 years' service in Carmel. JACK AMMERMAN, Phone 139-M. Box 1166 (tf)

BABY CHICKS AGAIN—The Archibald Hatchery wishes all to know that day-old chicks will again be at the Pet Shop in Monterey every Tuesday, beginning March 2. Come see us and tell us your future needs. The ARCHIBALD HATCHERY, Soquel. (12)

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, In and For the County of Monterey

No. 6000

NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. NAYLOR, Deceased.

A document purporting to be the last will and testament of MARY A. NAYLOR, deceased, having been produced and filed in this court, together with a petition for probate thereof, and for letters Testamentary, to be granted and issued to A. O. Gates, said petition is hereby set for hearing by the Court on Monday, the 8th day of March, 1937, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the courtroom of said court, in the courthouse at Salinas, Monterey County, California, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said will and file objections in writing to the granting of said petition.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Superior Court this 16th day of February, 1937.

(Court Seal) C. F. JOY, Clerk,
By HANNAH M. CRAIG, Deputy.

GEORGE P. ROSS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Carmel, California
Date of 1st pub: Feb. 19, 1937
Date of last pub: March 5, 1937.

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On the Stage

SUNSET SCHOOL
March 17th and 18th

Seats - - 50c, 75c, \$1, plus tax

Ticket Sale Open Soon

REPORT OF DEPOSITS UNCLAIMED

For More Than TEN Years Amounting to \$10.00 or Over
As of January 1, 1937
In the BANK OF CARMEL — Located at CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Name	Last Known Place of Residence or Post-Office Address	Alive or Dead	Amount
Kip, Helen C.		Dead	\$ 66.04
Lloyd, Hope Patricia			
By Sigrid	CARMEL, CALIFORNIA	Unknown	22.19
Shiffer, Jacob	CARMEL, CALIFORNIA	Unknown	51.35
Stowell, Henriette B.	1184 So. Robles Ave., Pasadena, Cal.	Unknown	51.81
Weeks, Rufus W.	Box 424, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA	Unknown	100.00

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
COUNTY OF MONTEREY—SS.

I, C. L. BERKEY, the undersigned Vice-President (or Managing Officer) of THE BANK OF CARMEL, located at CARMEL, California, do solemnly swear that the above is a full, complete and truthful statement as of January 1, 1937, showing the names of depositors of said bank (or Trust Company) known to be dead, or who have not made further deposits, or withdrawn any money during the preceding ten years.

C. L. BERKEY, President-Managing Officer.
Subscribed and sworn to this 25th day of February, 1937, before the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County of Monterey.
LOUIS S. SLEVIN, Notary Public.

Star of "Mutiny on the Bounty" Writes Her Friend, Don Blanding

To Don Blanding—

Aloha—Alohi Lani . . .
All children have ambition in life—what they want to do, what they want to see, whom they would like to know and have for friends. As a little girl on Maui it was my ambition to know the man who wrote such beautiful poetry about my islands, and when I came to the mainland my wish was realized.

I shall never forget the thrill of first meeting you at your studio in the Highland Hotel in Hollywood! Before I knocked on the door, a million thoughts flashed through my mind . . . "Is he like his poetry? . . . "Does he really love blue?" . . . "Is he like?" (the Hawaiian word for congenial) . . . "Will he be writing or drawing?"

I knocked and waited with my heart in my throat, as the door opened. A big, cheery voice called "Aloha!"—and with my Island greeting ringing in my ears I stepped into the room. It was like stepping into a blue sea . . . the drapes were blue, blue rugs lay on the floor, your eyes were blue, as well as the robe which

"HELP YOURSELF,"
a Federal Theaters stage play, MARCH 17th and 18th, SUNSET SCHOOL.

you wore, the same robe which is a part of you as you sit down to the typewriter or drawing table.

Your hospitality permeated everything, and I felt as though I might be dreaming something that was too nice to be true. You will remember that I kept talking to you, asking every question I could think of about your various sentimental treasures . . . the wealth of vagabond loot in the room. I wanted to hear my own voice and prove to myself that it was all real!

Some of the things that you speak about in your books were not in sight, and I shall never forget your reply when I mentioned them, wondering if they were hidden in some cupboard.

"No child, when I have enjoyed a thing and some friend of mine admires it, I give it to him. It is my hope that he too, will pass it on, that it may be a source of joy to many people."

Those words describe the Don I know, and say more than anything that I could add. God bless you with many Vagabond Castles and my aloha for your friendship and interest in all my endeavors!—Aloha.

—MAMO CLARK.
—Beautiful Island girl who played opposite Clark Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty".

MY TRIBUTE

(an Acrostic)

By SCOTTY CREAGER

DREAMY, moonlit islands, where palm trees sway and cool breezes blow, have been brought to the eyes and ears of those whom the fates have decreed shall not follow the path of the sun. They may in turn look upon the road trod by the vagabond and live in this world of imagination which is far more beautiful than taking the bitterness of life they so justly feel has been dealt out to them.

OBSERVING all of the beauties of nature and recording them in words that should live and become immortal. The stark cruelness of deserts have been combined with the delicate beauties of these same barren lands to blend them into a tapestry of unforgettable words. The rush and pounding of the seas and the majestic splendor of the mountains have been so clearly described.

NATURAL beauty, so difficult for an artist to capture on canvas has been brought to the written page as though it were actually in color. The hues of sunsets and the darkness before dawn are given with equal fervor.

BOUNTIFUL in character as well as in words, there seems to be no end to giving. Ever willing to help his fellow man along the road to success. Many are those who have received encouragement in their work and their problems.

LIBERAL with all of the things that his eyes have seen that others might see them as well. Bestowing gifts as a Sultan might give jewels to those who have befriended him. Always to see the joy that giving will bring and not to think of the return.

AFFECTIONATE, would be the answer for many of the deeds and the feeling in so many of the poems. This quality must be predominate for the emotion that one feels when reading of a house of dreams or just an attic room filled with all manner of junk. Memories that may be brought back so long forgotten.

NARRATOR of stories in prose which capture interest as well as the poetry. There are many times that these works of prose have been called poetry in prose. Stories that will intrigue the young as well as those of late years. The ability to tell a good story and to hold the attention of the listener.

DYNAMIC in his work and friendship. When one watches the work being turned out and the intensity of purpose. Then to see friendship extended with that self-same goal in mind, can the saying be doubted that here is a human dynamo.

INSPIRING to those around him and giving to them the same feeling of assurance of personal success. Many times shattered lives have been patched together by the hope obtained from those written words. The many intricate problems of life seem so simple and so easy to conquer with such help.

NIMBLE with wit and an astounding ability to turn a serious subject, which otherwise might be shallow, into a laughable situation. This same characteristic is evidenced in personal living. The joy of seeing the brightest side of life and to pass that on to others around him.

GRACIOUSLY, I give this my tribute to one whom I admire and have always been proud to say, "He is my very best friend". I have tried to give you his name through this writing, but need you guess by now?

Subscribe to The Carmel Pine Cone, \$2 a year.

Servant Training Center

WPA To Establish Station on Peninsula

THE Works Progress Administration is going to do something about Carmel's domestic servant problem, which was presented in an article in last week's Pine Cone. In a letter received this week from J. P. Porter, director of WPA District No. 10, with headquarters in Santa Barbara, countersigned by Martina Tait, former Carmelite, supervisor of the women's and professional division, is contained assurance that WPA proposes to establish just such a household training center for domestic workers as was suggested in The Pine Cone's story.

The article recalled that just after the sewing project was opened, more than two years ago, there was an unfavorable reaction from employers of domestic help, who were inclined to believe that WPA was luring women away from domestic service and making it more than usually difficult to secure servants. Further investigation, however, disclosed that for the most part the women working on the WPA project were not sufficiently trained to be acceptable in domestic service. Then was expressed the thought repeated in The Pine Cone, that the WPA could perform a valuable social service by

opening a center where unemployed women could be trained in cooking, serving, general housework and the care of children.

This is what Mr. Porter and Mrs. Tait have to say about it:

"We were very much interested in reading the article 'Carmel's Domestic Servant Problem' in the last issue of The Pine Cone. We have had in mind for some time the establishment of a household training center for domestic workers on the Monterey Peninsula. We are just opening such a center in Santa Barbara this week, and want to have it running smoothly before we put a second one in operation. It is our earnest desire to raise the status of the household employe to a more professional standing, and through this training course to gain for them good positions and the recognition and fair treatment they deserve.

"When our plans have developed further we will keep you informed as to the establishment of a center in Monterey.

"Very truly yours,
J. B. PORTER,
Director District No. 10.
By MARTINA TAIT,
Supervisor Women's and Professional Division."

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"And The Lusty Red Of Meats"

In Don Blanding's *Memories in Red* he lists the "lusty reds of meats" among the most tempting and delectable colors.

His husky 200-pound frame which has carried him to the far and near places of the earth, up mountains and across deserts, was built on steaks, chops, roasts, bacon and ham.

The refrigerator in Vagabond's House always has a goodly supply of "the lusty reds" to supply new energy in place of that which is spent "when genius burns."

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Beauty

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POETRY HAS SUNG THE
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MARIE ANTOINETTE,
PHYRNE . . .

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THESE FAMOUS WOMEN
HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN
THROUGH THE AGES AND
ARE AVAILABLE TO EVERY
WOMAN, WITH OF COURSE,
THE MODERN ADDITIONS
AND IMPROVEMENTS . . .

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Where Are Don's Enemies

We Couldn't Find 'Em, So Question Don

By MONTE CARMELO

THE Carmel Pine Cone promised a composite portrait of Don Blanding by "his friends, his acquaintances, his townspeople and his enemies." We couldn't find any enemies . . . at least none who were articulate. So since the man is supposed to be his own worst enemy, we are going to ask Don some pointed self-critical questions.

Have you any really serious faults?

Don. Gobs of them. The worst one is a temper like a trained leopard. It's all right and performs beautifully while the trainer's whip is in sight. But, let the trainer get off guard for a moment . . . wow, how the fur flies. I'm afraid of it and keep

watch on it all the time, because on several occasions it has destroyed irreplaceable precious things. Jagged words are more cruel than leopard's claws. It is appalling to hear oneself saying vicious, corrosive words to those whose love and affection make them defenseless.

Yes, yes, go on.

Don. Impatience. Because I was 11 years younger than my youngest older brother, I was practically an only child in the manner of my rearing. I learned early how to get my own way; first I asked, then wheedled, then stormed and then took what I wanted. Life is not so easily wheedled. I'm still learning that. A friend once said, "The day you learn that a fence is a barrier instead of a hurdle, you will be adult." I haven't learned it yet. I'm still trying to hurdle fences that are too high for me.

But your drawings show infinite patience. All of that detail must require almost superhuman patience.

Don. It does not take patience to do something that one enjoys doing more than anything else in the world. Drawing and writing letters are two things that I enjoy doing so thoroughly that I can't take credit for patience in doing them.

Anything else?

Don. Yes. Morbid introspection and self-analysis. I have to watch them all the time. A criticism sticks in my mind like a kitten on a tweed coat. Then my friends have to come to the rescue and haul me out of abysmal chasms of gloom.

And?

Don. There must be Chinese or Indian blood somewhere in the family tree. I carry a grudge in my mind a long time. I try not to be vengeful, and I'm conquering it slowly. A friend told me a wise old Arabian saying, "Never avenge yourself; sit by the door of your tent and one day the corpse of your enemy will be carried by." If someone does me a filthy trick I try to sit tight and not even think of retaliation; if that person deserves getting his come-uppance he'll usually get it without any efforts of mine. Its hard to do though;

TO DON BLANDING

Greater than his great art of taking words

And painting for us stay-at-homes the vivid seas

And azure skies, is this, the gentle art Of being kind, he needs no mournful pleas.

To tell him of the little things that he might do.

For while he sees the flaming sunset in the sky

He also sees a flower, drooping on its stem

And pours cool water on it, so it does not die.

He knows that few of us need hero stuff to help

Us bear the little troubles and the trivial trials.

He sends a cheering word, a message friendly, brief,

And little woes all vanish, in their places—smiles.

—ELIZABETH H. MERCER
Los Angeles, Calif.

with a lively imagination I can think up too many ways of paying off a bad score. But it's such a waste of time brooding over ugly thoughts.

Have you any suggestions about self-discipline?

Don. Yes, be grateful constantly for the abundance of good things in life. And be constantly aware of them. Count assets before liabilities and quite often you won't get around to the liabilities. Give as much attention to improving your happiness as to your golf game or tennis or bridge. Happiness should not be left to chance.

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Lady of the Night

I see a luminescent trail

Of powdered star-dust, faint and pale,

Across the sky, like moths of flight.

A crescent moon of phantom-white

Is tangled in the filmy veil.

My heart responds with quick delight.

I greet the lady of the night . . .

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The Rest Of The Road



*If the rest of the road is half as good
As the half that has gone before,
I'll swing along with a singing heart
And pray to the Fates for more.*

*How long? How far? How hard? How fine?
How heavy or light the load.
If it's half as good as the half I've known
Here's Hail to the rest of the road.*

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When I Have A House
As I Sometime May
I'll Suit My Fancy
In Every Way

. . . With these lines from his famous poem, "Vagabond's House", Don Blanding expressed a dream that is dear to the heart of everyone

*"The roof must have a rakish dip
To shadowy eaves where the rain can drip
In a damp, persistent tuneful way;
It's a cheery sound on a gloomy day."*

*"A flagstone walk with lazy curves
Will lead to the door where a Pan's head serves
As a knocker there like a vibrant drum
To let me know that a friend has come
And the door will squeak when I swing it wide
To welcome you to the cheer inside."*

*"The beams of my house will be fragrant wood
That once in a redwood forest stood
While nations rose and empires fell.
If they had tongues, what tales they'd tell."*

*From cellar to attic, from front to back
There was not one thing that a house could lack
To make it perfect . . . a place for friends
Who drift on it from the world's far ends.*

HUGH W. COMSTOCK
BUILDER - - - - -
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